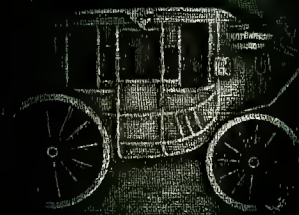


STAGE COACH





Rosie Crowder





1928

Copyright 1928

PATTIE SHERWOOD SMITH

MARY KATHERINE DUFF



The Stage Coach

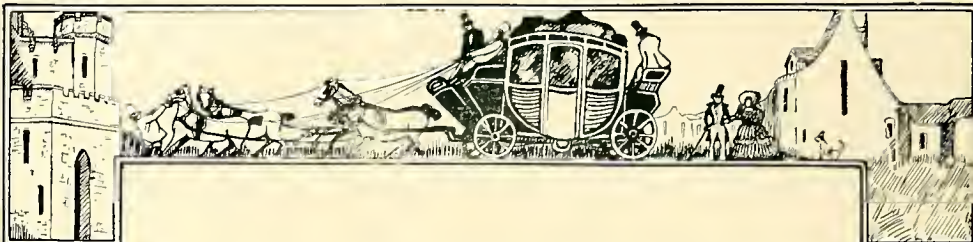
Published by
The Stage Coach Staff



Volume XXX
1928

Dear Book of the Students
Saint Mary's School
Raleigh, North Carolina





Dedication

BECAUSE we respect and admire her for her earnest endeavour to inculcate in the minds of the girls entrusted to her charge the highest ideals of Christian life, straightforward thinking and Southern womanhood, we, the Class of 1928, affectionately dedicate this our yearbook to

MISS CATHERINE SETON ALBERTSON.





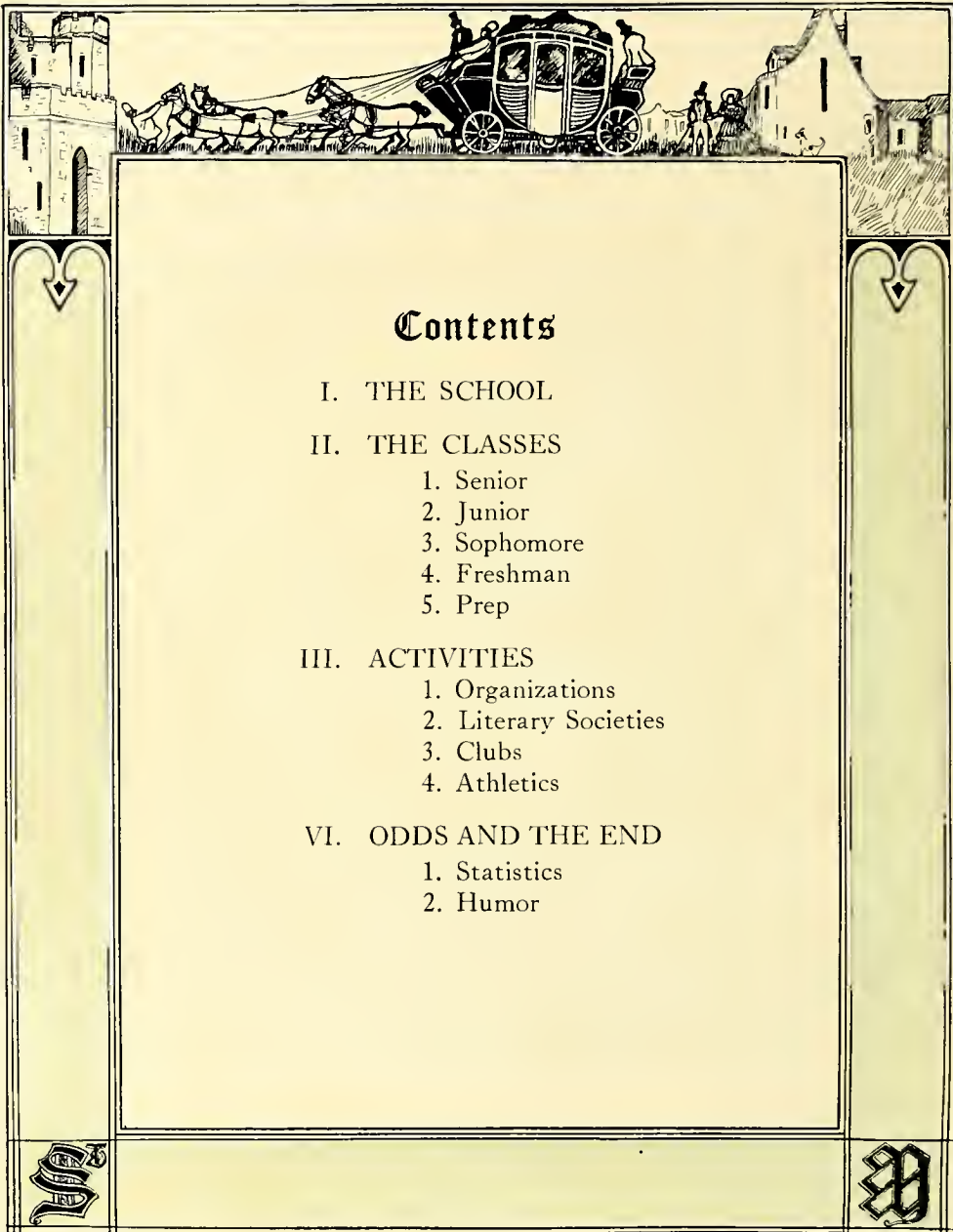
In Memoriam

WILLIAM ENOS STONE was born on February 16, 1859, in Boston, Massachusetts. After a liberal education in Europe he entered Harvard University, from which he graduated in 1882. On coming to the South, he engaged in business for a time in Greensboro. It was there he married Miss Sue Dick, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Robert P. Dick. In succession he held the position of head-master at Edenton Academy and of teacher at Porter Academy in Charleston. From 1905 until his death he taught in Saint Mary's School, instructing many of the girls of this State in French, English and Latin; more recently he taught History, Economics and Sociology. His loyal support was given in every phase of school life—religious, social, athletic. On January 14, 1928, he died after a week's illness.

Those who have known him and loved him know the empty place his going has left. The girls of the school delighted to see him about the campus, on Sunday walks, in the chapel; delighted in paying him every little courtesy and mark of respect in their power whether he taught them or not.

The class of 1928 feels that there is no adequate way to express their feeling that can show the love and reverence they had for their gentle teacher, whose last classes they attended.





Contents

I. THE SCHOOL

II. THE CLASSES

1. Senior
2. Junior
3. Sophomore
4. Freshman
5. Prep

III. ACTIVITIES

1. Organizations
2. Literary Societies
3. Clubs
4. Athletics

VI. ODDS AND THE END

1. Statistics
2. Humor

THE SCHOOL

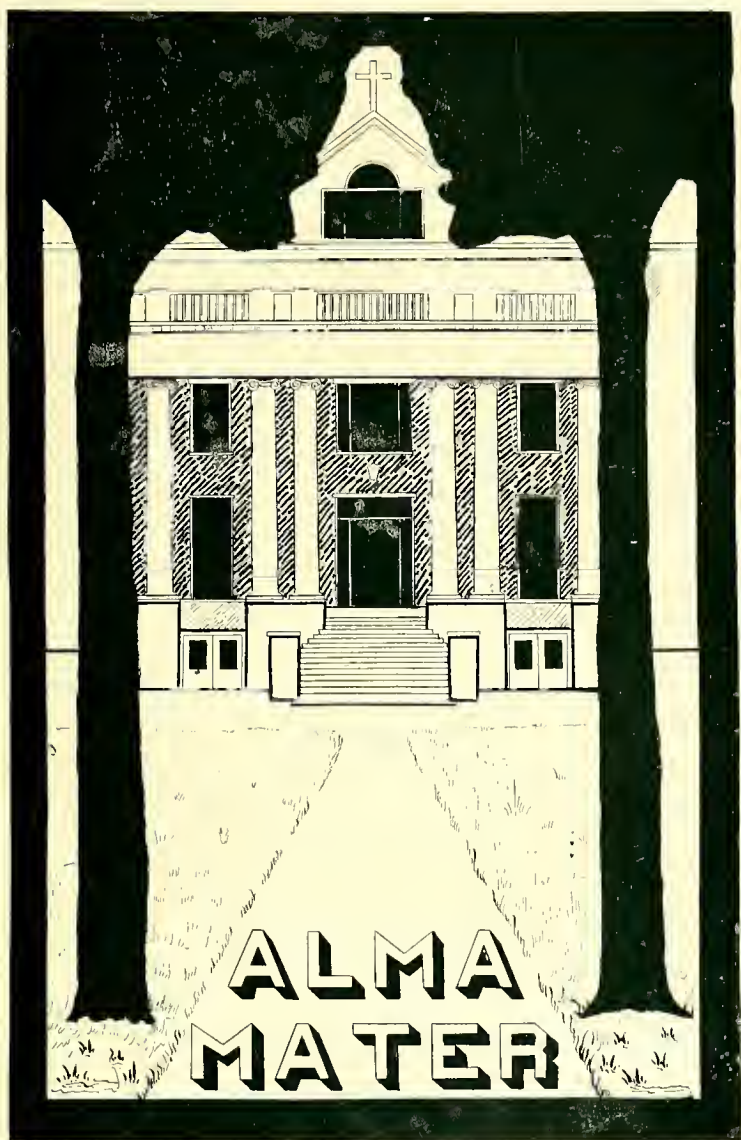


Mummy dearest,

I've certainly enjoyed knowing
you and being with you this
year. You are one of the best
sports I've ever known and been
hoping we will be in old
S.H.S. together next year.

The best of luck to you
this summer and heaps
of love,

Mummy.



Alma Mater

TUNE: "*Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms*"

SANT. MARY'S! wherever thy daughters may be
They love thy high praises to sing,
And tell of thy beauties of campus and tree
Around which sweet memories cling;
They may wander afar; out of reach of thy name,
Afar out of sight of thy grove,
But the thought of Saint Mary's aye kindles a flame
Of sweet recollections and love.

Beloved Saint Mary's! How great is our debt!
Thou hast cared for thy daughters full well;
They can never thy happy instructions forget,
Nor fail of thy virtues to tell.
The love that they feel is a heritage pure;
An experience wholesome and sweet.
Through fast rolling years it will grow and endure
Be a lamp and a guide to their feet.

May the future unite all the good of the past
With the best that new knowledge can bring.
Ever onward and upward thy course! to the last
Be thou steadfast in every good thing.
Generations to come may thy fair daughters still
Fondly think on thy halls and thy grove,
And carry thy teachings o'er woodland and hill,
Of earnestness, wisdom and love.















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MISS KATIE MCKIMMON

"Constant as the Northern Star,
Of whose true, fix'd, and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament."

—EMILIE McVEA.



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VIRGINIA HENRY HOLT.....	English
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WILLIAM F. STONE.....	History, Economics and Sociology
A.B., Harvard	
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A.B., William and Mary	
BERTHA RUEF.....	French
A.B., M.A., Vassar College	
RUTH LINFEBERRY.....	Mathematics
A.B., Meredith; M.A., Columbia	
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A.B., Sweet Briar	
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GRACE HOUGHEN.....	Physical Education
Harvard University Department of Physical Education; Peabody College	



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WILLIAM H. JONES, A.A.G.O., <i>Director</i>	<i>Piano, Organ, Voice, Theory</i>
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Royal Conservatory, Leipzig	
ETHEL FIELDING.....	<i>Voice</i>
New England Conservatory of Music	
ELVA B. NICHOLSON.....	<i>Piano</i>
Mount Allison Conservatory	
MISS BESSIE RAYE McMILLAN.....	<i>Violin</i>
Pupil of Gustave Hagedorn	

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Business Department

LIZZIE H. LEE.....	<i>Stenography, Typewriting, Bookkeeping</i>
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.....Secretary

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Shirley Noble
Elizabeth Thornberry

Elizabeth Johnson
Margaret Harris
Anna Bohannon
Virginia Taylor
Frances Haigh



THE CLASSES







MR. STONE
Class Adviser

MRS. TUCKER
Class Mother

MR. JONES
Class Sponsor

Senior Class

COLORS: *Green and White*

FLOWER: *Marechal Neil Rose*

MOTTO: *Ever onward, ever upward*

Class Officers

PHOEBE RANDOLPH HARDING.....	<i>President</i>
MARGARET EARLE HARRIS.....	<i>Vice President</i>
HELEN ANDRUS.....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
SARAH EVINS.....	<i>Historian</i>
LEORA HIATT.....	<i>Testator</i>
ELIZABETH JOHNSON.....	<i>Prophet</i>
HARRIET GARRETT.....	<i>Poet</i>

Class Roll

AGEE	EVINS	HARRIS	NORTON
ANDRUS	FALKENER	HIATT	PLATT
BATTLE	GAILLARD	HICKS	RITTER
BOHANNON	GARRETT	HOGGARD	SANDLIN
CURRY	GLOVER	JOHNSON	SMITH, P.
DUFF	HALLYBURTON	LAWRENCE	TUCKER, S.
DUNN	HARDING	McKINNE	WILLIAMS, E.





ELLEN DOUGLASS AGEE
Anniston, Ala.
1926-1928

Sigma

E. A. P.

Altar Guild (2); Latin Club (1); Glee Club (1); Volleyball (2); Basketball Manager (2); Basketball Team (1, 2); Track Team (2); Swimming Team (1); Church Warden (2).

What is it that makes all the old girls love her and the new girls fall? Is it charm? Ask Cam and she will tell you at length. Anyway we do know that she is a clear-thinking young lady, loyal to the Sigmas. Her hardest work for them came with the basket-ball season when she was manager and a good one (this from a Mu!). We can hear her now saying, "Good Gravy, Oi never hoid of such a thing," in her best Alabama dialect. She is a carefree, independent, good sport and lots of fun. Ask Duff.

HELEN STOCKTON ANDRUS
Germantown, Penn.
1925-1928

Mu

E. A. P.

E. A. P. Custodian (2); E. A. P. Treasurer (3); Choir (1, 2, 3); Choir Librarian (2, 3); Class Secretary-Treasurer (3); Honor Committee (2); Dramatic Club (1, 2, 3); Sketch Club (1, 2); College Club (3); Assistant, Miss Sutton's Office (2, 3); Gym Tournament (2); Altar Guild (2, 3); Vice-president Y. P. S. L. (2, 3).

Helen came down from the North to be a student at St. Mary's. She takes care of all Senior Hall; every one goes to her for medical aid, and once she had the courage to treat a Senior meeting to refreshments. Helen is very popular with her teachers, too, because she has them so badly fooled about being a good student! Anybody who has the time to read "Good Housekeeping" as much as she does is putting up a good bluff, n'est-ce pas?

P. S. This is inside dope from her roommate!



JOSEPHINE BATTLE
Rocky Mount, N. C.
1925-1928

Mu

E. A. P.

Altar Guild (1, 2, 3); Vice President E. A. P. (3); President of College Club (3); Chairman of Program Committee E. A. P. (3); Marshal (1, 2); Church Warden (3); Granddaughters Club (1, 2, 3); Maid of Honor (3).

"Tiny" is an enigma. She is so lively and clever when she is off campus, seeking sustaining grape-juice at the Little Store or stylishly wearing her "fuir" coat, that we look on in amazement when we see Mr. Way incline his ear unto her most assiduously, for her opinion on the authorship of Hebrews, for example. Mr. Stone, also, is tremendously interested in Battles, perhaps because in "Hortense" we find the true personification of a gracious and attractive daughter of the Old South.

ANNA ETHEL BOHANNAN
Surry, Va.
1926-1928

Mu

Sigma Lambda

College Club (1, 2); Latin Club (1); Glee Club (1); Altar Guild (1, 2); President Altar Guild (2); Letter Club (1, 2); Second Mu Team (1, 2); Pan-Archon Council (1, 2); School Council (1, 2); Choir (1, 2).

That Anna is a member of the Student Council means she has a high sense of honor and responsibility. As in this, she puts her whole self into whatever she is doing; basketball, Bible N, swimming, trips to town with Sara, and especially the work of the Altar Guild of which she is an efficient President. Even her "Vic" is thorough, for "Among My Souvenirs" has to wake us up five minutes before the bell every morning. In spite of these things she is not by any means a Saint "too good for this earth" as she can laze around and "have fun" with the worst of us.



SYDNEY CURRY
Raleigh, N. C.
1924-1928

Mu

Sydney Curry may be characterized by one adjective—dependable. She does her best in everything, athletic and scholastic. She is steady in gym, and in basketball. But, oh, she does shine in French! And how! Sydney always gets the question and the answer—which means something—in French. She is pleasant, witty, and friendly—the kind of a girl Saint Mary's likes to have. We feel somehow that Sydney is destined to become a great captain of industry, from the way she understands the most difficult principles of Economics. We also feel that whatever she engages in will be a success, as it deserves to be.

MARY KATHERINE DUFF
Elizabeth City, N. C.
1926-1928

Mu

E. A. P.

Third team basketball (1); Second team basketball (2); Dramatic Club (1); Commencement play (1); Altar Guild (1, 2); Choir (1, 2); Swimming Meet (1); College Club (1, 2); Business Manager of STAGE COACH (2); Pan-Archon Council (2); Latin Club (2); Cheer Leader (2); Supervisor Senior Hall (2); Brass Committee (1); Chairman of Linen Committee (2); Custodian of the Banner (2).

Who would ever think of associating the dignified "Mary Katherine" with our "Duff." Yet to tell the truth she has many sides. Besides her dual personality of the carefree playmate and serious confidante, she necessarily has business ability, for the STAGE COACH advertisements call her to town in every spare minute. (We know it is an effort for her to go!) Add to this that she passes Latin and is Mu cheerleader and you have an almost complete picture of this young lady. The staff says unanimously three cheers for the good old "Bus. Manager."



SARAH ELFORD EVINS
Spartanburg, S. C.
1923-1928

Sigma

Sigma Lambda

College Club (2, 3, 4, 5); Second Team Volleyball (2, 3, 4); First Team Volleyball (5); Class Historian (5).

Sara might be called the matriarch of the class, for she has been here ever since she was called the "Healthiest Baby" of prepdom. Once again Sara is to feature in statistics—this time as the "Most shy" Senior. Saint Mary's and especially Mr. Stone will miss her arriving, long after the last, to classes. Aside from this defect she is jolly, generous and the soul of honor.

EMMA STEVENSON DUNN
New Bern, N. C.
1926-1928

Mu

E. A. P.

Granddaughters Club (1, 2); Altar Guild (1, 2); Third Team Basketball (1); College Club (1, 2); School Orchestra (1); W. G. T. Club (2); Santa Claus (2); Secretary Granddaughters Club (2).

She is never out of sorts, even after her Waterloo—Spanish. Indeed her chief characteristic seems to be a cheerful attitude in classes which she enlivens with witty remarks. Of the faculty she fears none. Among her lesser qualities are a delight in the maximum of visits to the Edwards-Cain drug store and a habit of keeping her Bible notebook up-to-date. In the parlor every night the call of "Bay" brings her forth to agitate the ivories for the evening performance of the Dixie Romp.



SARAH GILMOUR FALKENER
Goldsboro, N. C.
1926-1928

Mu

E. A. P.

Dramatic Club (1, 2); College Club (1, 2); Altar Guild (1, 2); Literary Editor *Bulletin* (1); Commencement Play (1); Program Committee E. A. P. Literary Society (1); Pan-Archon Council (2); Class Prophet (2); President of E. A. P. Literary Society (2).

Sarah might be known as "that bright girl" and every one would agree that she deserved the title. She differs from the rest of us in always understanding her lessons as well as remembering them. Yet she strays from the path of learning more than once or twice a week to patronize the little drug store. The Mus say that at the basketball games she is little but loud, which speaks for itself of her pep. She may have her faults, but this isn't where we're supposed to tell about them, so we say anywhere, any time, "Sarah's all right!"

JULIA LOPER GAILLARD
Raleigh, N. C.
1923-1928

Sigma

E. A. P.

Have you ever watched Julia? She keeps still and doesn't say much, but when she is called on she certainly does toe the mark. We like to hear her sing in the choir on the occasional corporate visits of the Saint Mary's girls to Good Shepherd Church. Wherever Julia is, Jewel is also. We shall judge from appearances and call her a loyal friend. We don't know Julia as well as we'd like to, for she is a little bashful, but she has a cheerful attitude and we're for her!



HARRIET NICHOLLS GARRETT
Williamsburg, Va.
1926-1928

Sigma

E. A. P.

College Club (1); Dramatic Club (1); Altar Guild (1, 2); Latin Club, charter member (1, 2); Track Team (1, 2); Third Team Basketball (1, 2); Swimming Team (1); Second Team Volleyball (1, 2); Manager of Track (1); Apple Club (1); Doctors' Daughters Club (1); Editor of *Bulletin* (2); Assistant Editor of Annual (2); Representative to Blue Ridge (1); Pan-Archon Council (2); Letter Club (2); Class Poet (2).

"Big things come in small packages"—that is "Ree" all over. The list of her accomplishments is a long one. She can "do athletics," play piano duets with Lela, paint pictures, drag in *A's* for good guesswork and pilot the *Bulletin* as its Editor. Moreover, she is the co-partner of Leslie in their attractive and successful gift shop for Virginia jets, which are made over the radiator in secret sessions of the firm. How she does it all Ree has never told us, but we have our ideas as to her cleverness and talent.

SARAH GLOVER
Charlotte, N. C.
1926-1928

Sigma

E. A. P.

Charlotte, N. C., sent a great many girls to Saint Mary's this year and chief among them, by virtue of being a Senior, is Sarah Glover. She stands out for other reasons too—as "Most Lovable" Senior, for Sarah is famed for her good disposition. She is, however, independent in spirit—witness the day she stood up by the radiator during the whole Economics Class to keep warm. She is a good dancer and tennis player, making her activities rather well balanced. One more thing: her dignity and neatness of dress impress us, because she is truly feminine.



EMILY HOWARD HALLYBURTON
Griffin, Ga.
1926-1928

Mu

E. A. P.

Sketch Club (1); College Club (1, 2); Assistant Art Editor *STAGE COACH* (1); Art Editor *STAGE COACH* (2); Church Librarian (2).

What? Not heard of "Little Em"? Astounding! Shocking! Nay—even more—impossible! I mean honestly, my dear, her fame is far-reaching. She is the Artist of the *STAGE COACH* and all that, of course, but she is best known for her work with Soap. Em' is pretty—her features would make a Greek Goddess green with envy; she is feminine—the Senior Class voted that unanimously; she is attractive—witness her influence on the opposite sex; she is charming and lovable. "Little Em" truly has all the desirable qualities.

PHOEBE RANDOLPH HARDING
Washington, N. C.
1924-1928

Sigma

E. A. P.

Senior Class President (4); Commencement Marshal (4); Winner Short Story Contest (2, 3); Winner Poem Contest (3); Vice President Junior Class (3); Christmas Play (4); Honor Committee Member (2-4); Secretary Honor Committee (4); Member of School Council (4); Altar Guild (3-4); Member of Pan-Archon Council (4); Associate Editor *Bulletin* (3); *Sigma* Track Team (1, 2); College Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Choir (2, 3); Time Keeper for *Signas* (3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2); *Sigma* Swimming Team (3); "Open Forum" (3); "S. M. S." (2); Secretary Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society (3); Herald May Court (2, 3); North Carolina Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Granddaughters Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Latin Club (3); Assistant Editor *STAGE COACH* (3); "Best Dance Follower" (3).

Laughing on the outside, hubbubbing with pep, but deep down under all this, there are in Phoebe those qualities desired by every one, attained by a few—sincerity, magnetism, originality and poise. But success has not always crowned our President, for her main aspiration, to be May Queen, has for three successive years received "thumbs down" from the student body. Why mind her dejection, tho',—she is dancing to fame.



MARGARET EARLE HARRIS
Henderson, N. C.
1926-1928

Sigma

Sigma Lambda

College Club (1, 2); Treasurer (2); Marshal (2); Student Council (2); Vice President Senior Class (2); Altar Guild (2).

What's that growth behind that nose? Why—you nub, that's the face of Polly Harris, inventor. Her inventions run mostly to vocabulary, but we must admit they are clever. As, attired in her latest "Spring model," Polly saunters "Down the street" to town, her costume is always sure to be an artistically matched "Number." Polly is really an authority on clothes and how to wear them. Her never failing liveliness can be heard in all parts of the "lower regions" in which she lives. Isn't her vivacious charm evident from the expressions she has invented?

LEORA CROMWELL HIATT
High Point, N. C.
1926-1928

Sigma

Sigma Lambda

Vice President of College Club (2); Vice President of Sigma Lambda (2); Dramatic Club (1, 2); Altar Guild (1, 2); Chairman of Program Committee Sigma Lambda (2); Class Testator; Doctors' Daughters Club (1, 2); College Club (1); W. G. E. (2).

"Bill" has the weight of Senior Hall's business affairs on her frail shoulders. Chief of these are gardening and worrying over Norton's pets. Yet in her free moments she delights in instruction because she is truly an authority on any subject from marginal utility on up to the winning touchdown for State. Miss Davis hopes to make something of a speaker of "Bill" and it ought to be easy, for give "Bill" a lead and she's off for the day. Billy is darling; she is attractive; she is efficient; she is vividly alive.



JULIA BRENT HICKS
Oxford, N. C.
1925-1928

Mu

Sigma Lambda

Treasurer Sigma Lambda (3); Glee Club (3); Supervisor East Wing (3); Assistant Business Manager STACE Coach Staff (3); Chapel Line (1, 2, 3); Monday Detention Club; College Club (1).

There are several girls here this year whom a very large person could put in his pocket; Julia Brent is one of these. She is really a very small person, about the size of Jackie or Emily. For all her littleness she has an independent spirit for she did not follow the crowd and room in Senior Hall. She needs it, however, in chasing ads for the annual. And speaking of town, we would like to ask one question—"When does she study?" Yet she gets through. It must be heavenly to have a good time as Julia Brent does, to keep up in classes and still enjoy life to the utmost.

ELIZABETH HOGGARD
Wilmington, N. C.
1926-1928

Mu

Sigma Lambda

Letter Club (1, 2); President Letter Club (2); Manager Basketball (1); Track Meet (1, 2); First Basketball Team (1, 2); First Volleyball Team (1, 2); Vice President Mu's (2); Altar Guild (1); College Club (1, 2); Glee Club (1); Marshal (1, 2); Track Letters (1, 2); Basketball Letters (1, 2); Volleyball Letter (1); Alternate for Sigma Lambda Debaters (1); Pan-Archon Council (2).

First choice of the Mus—that is "Hoggy." Quite a title to live up to, isn't it? But she has made the grade. One of the best basketball players anybody ever saw, good in each position, she also broke three track records and was chosen as the most athletic member of the Student Body. Everybody loves "Hoggy." Those coveted "specials" come in for her every day. We can't blame the boys though, can we? Here's to "Hoggy"—an all-round sport.



ELIZABETH JETER JOHNSON
Eustis, Florida
1925-1928

Mu

E. A. P.

College Club (1, 2, 3); Secretary College Club (3); Altar Guild (1, 2, 3); Vice President E. A. P. (2); Associate Editor *Bulletin* (2); Literary Editor *STAGE COACH* (2, 3); Latin Club (3); Class Prophet (3); School Council (3); "Most Original" (3); Chapel Warden (3).

Every one of us admires Elizabeth, from Lela up to Leslie and the rest of the Seniors. Who could be more efficient without looking it; more feminine without studying the art? All the Seniors know they can go to her for advice for they respect her unflinching judgment. Swapping costumes with Nancy is her strong point, besides being famed for originality and wit, for which she is in statistics. We are wondering if she will follow in Katherine's footsteps and represent Saint Mary's at Carolina.

VIRGINIA CORBELLE LAWRENCE
Lumberton, N. C.
1925-1928

Mu

Sigma Lambda

Granddaughters Club (1, 2, 3); Sigma Alpha Chi (2, 3); College Club (1, 2, 3); Glee Club (3); Christmas Play (4).

If we had any forecast of the fates, we should say that Miss Jackie (née Virginia) Lawrence, is one of those who are very "likely to marry." And if that is the case, some one is going to be very happy, if tact, good-nature and good looks mean anything—especially the last. She is moreover a smart little thing, because she keeps up her school work and still manages to write that daily letter to her—home(?). What say, Jackie? Did we get it right?



OLIVIA MCKINNE
Louisburg, N. C.
1926-1928

Mu

E. A. P.

College Club (1, 2); Choir (1, 2); Latin Club (1, 2);
Ædile of Latin Club (2).

Shy and retiring when she first came, now she is jolly and talkative as any of us. Her favorite subjects of conversation are, Arvin and Miss Lee. A rare mixture! She will try to persuade you at times that she is the most neglected and abused human being existing. However, if you put on a doleful face and declare that you are grievously mistreated she will grin and say, "You look it." Proctoring is her pet aversion and eating her chief delight. Generosity and sympathy describe Olivia exactly. A journalistic career is her ambition now, but who can tell whom or what the fates hold in store for her?

VIRGINIA MARTHA NORTON
Savannah, Ga.
1924-1928

Sigma

Sigma Lambda

Second Team Basketball (1); Track Team (1); Georgia Club (1); Second Team Volleyball (2); Choir (2); Glee Club (2, 4); School Orchestra (2, 3); Dramatic Club (3, 4); Doctor's Daughters Club (3); Swimming Team (2, 3, 4); Letter Club, Charter Member (3, 4); Sigma Letter (2, 3); First Team Basketball (3, 4); Program Committee Sigma Lambdas (4); Chapel Librarian (4); Altar Guild (4); College Club (4).

"Who's that darling Senior that guarded tonight? She's some basketball player!" But not only is "Ginnie" an athletic Senior, she is also graduating a whole year ahead of her own class. Ginnie is open-hearted which is shown by her many loves—Blackie, Blackie, Jr. (deceased), the uke and the typewriter. She is enthusiastic over all of them. She dances and swims and goes to "the store" with us, ready for anything. And we must not forget that Norton was a runner-up in statistics for "most likely to marry."



ELIZABETH PLATT
Havana, Cuba
1923-1928

Sigma

E. A. P.

Southern Club (1); Elizabethan Club (1); Second Team Volleyball (1, 3); First Team Volleyball (2, 4); Track Team (2); Choir (2, 3, 4, 5); Sketch Club (2, 3); Cheer Leader (2, 3); School News Editor of *Bulletin* (3); Member of Committee (3, 4, 5); President of Sophomores (3); Altar Guild (4, 5); "Best Leader" (4); Junior President (4); Letter Club (4, 5); Letter Girl (4); Manager of Volleyball; President of Student Body (5); Chairman of Honor Committee (5); Secretary of School Council (5); Pan-Archeon Council (3, 4, 5); College Club (3, 4); Secretary and Treasurer of College Club (4); Swimming Team (4); Cotillion Club (4); "Most Representative" (5); "Most Influential" (5); "Most Versatile" (5); S. M. S. Club (3); Open Forum (4); Chief Marshal.

Because she has made a wise Student Body President, we honor and respect her; because she can fit in any phase of school life from gym to jazz, we personally know her; but it is because "Platt" is always her natural self that we love her. Yet with all her ideal qualities she is human enough to banish any picture of halos. (N.B. Her pet weaknesses are falling up the stairs and talking to herself.)

LESLIE HARRISON RITTER
Newport News, Va.
1926-1928

Sigma

E. A. P.

Track (1); Varsity Basketball (1, 2); Letter Club (1, 2); Altar Guild (1, 2); Chairman of Altar Guild (2); Delegate to Camp Penick (1); Volleyball (1).

Leslie is frank and impulsive and likable. She is independent and goes her own way, not caring what the rest of the world thinks or does. Her especial liking is dogs—*clean* dogs. If you want to see regular basketball, watch Leslie get the tip-off almost every time for her team. Sigma spirit? *whew!*! Maybe Leslie's got a hot temper, but that goes along with her frankness, and you don't mind it. Everybody calls on Leslie, from "Miss Katie" when she's lonely to the Sigmas when they want an apple. She's honest, kind-hearted, and sincere all the way through, one of the best.



IDA JEWEL SANDLIN
Raleigh, N. C.
1926-1928

Sigma

E. A. P.

We love Jewel's apologetic little smile when Mr. Stone asks her a question very suddenly just when she and Julia are in the midst of a very important discussion on the next tea; and we love still better her triumphant air when after sufficient repetition of the question she answers correctly. As in this, in everything, Jewel always comes up smiling. The day students seem to have a pretty good time of it anyway.

PATTIE SHERWOOD SMITH
Somerville, N. J.
1926-1928

Mu

Sigma Lambda

Granddaughters Club (1, 2); College Club (1, 2); Altar Guild (1); Second Team Volleyball (1, 2); Supervisor Smedes Hall (1); Sigma Lambda Debater (1); Latin Club Charter Member (1, 2); Editor-in-Chief STAGE COACH (2); Pan-Archon Council (2).

Whether it is running the Annual or getting to town, Pattie does it with the same brisk efficiency. Her trials and tribulations have not spoiled her disposition, however, and she waits for the publication of the Annual with the same undaunted smile that we see when she is planted in the foot of the steps waiting for Olivia, or Sarah. Pattie is never out of sorts and her cryptic comments on life in general, her unfailing knowledge and ability and willingness to help, make her popularity universal as well as deserved.



SUZANNE TUCKER
Raleigh, N. C.
1925-1928

Sigma

Suzanne is a drawer, according to Mr. Stone. She draws pictures in every class and statistics prove that she also draws attention and friends, for she is very much sought-after both here and at State because of her general liveliness. As a student she sticks with us, even occasionally scoring a home-run in classes. She won her certificate in Art at the end of her Junior year. Certainly she is very charming and attractive. What more could any one desire?

ERMA ELIZABETH WILLIAMS
Kenansville, N. C.
1924-1928

Sigma

Sigma Lambda

North Carolina Club (1, 2); College Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Charter Member of the Latin Club (3); Choir (2); Clee Club (4); School Orchestra (3); Only Child's Club (2); Second Team Basketball (2); Sigma Letter (3); Letter Club (3, 4); Third Team Basketball (4); Track Team (2); First Team Volleyball (4); Student Council (3); Altar Guild (4); Pan-Arethon Council (4); President of the Sigma Lambda Literary Society (4); Commencement Usher (3); Sigma Lambda Model Meeting (3); Supervisor Senior Hall (4).

A good Sigma; a good student and a sweet girl; that is Erma. Besides her playing basketball we envy her to death her ability to study for five minutes and get 95 on an Economics test. Yet she is what Miss Ruef would call "consciencieuse." Goodness only knows what the Sigma Lambdas will do next year without her to keep order and run things. Best of all is her sincerity in everything—friendship, work, play. What more can you ask?

Class Poem

LIFE is a song, played by each one;
The touch may be harsh or gay.
It's the same old song, and how it's done
Is the difference in the play.

The prelude's o'er, 'tis closing now
With its sadness and its fun.
The performance starts, we make our bow.
The real music has just begun.

But if the prelude is thrillingly sweet,
Or if 'tis heavy and dull,
So will the music that follows it be
Unfeeling, or rhythmic and full.

Here at Saint Mary's, our prelude
Was a composition true,
Of jolly notes, and a deeper mood,
And a merry trill or two.

The melodies are friendship strong,
Harmonies of the heart;
The things we learn are the deep bass notes
That with splendid touch are wrought.

As the tune of the music varies,
From the prelude to full song
We bid our farewell to St. Mary's
To let the music go on.



The History of the Class of 1928

An Educational Film in Five Reels

Copyright by Saint Mary's School.
Licensed by the Class of '28.
Scenario by Sarah Evans.
Censored by Miss Virginia Holt.
Cast of characters: The Class of '28.

SETTING: A dreary, rainy day, September 11, 1923. Saint Mary's School in harmony with the weather and not a soul in sight. Soon the new girls begin to arrive—a sadder company of girls can scarcely be found anywhere. General atmosphere very moist. It is not long, however, before the tears are dried for school has started in earnest and the little crowd of preplets are gathered together into one band.

REEL I. Excitement, all is excitement! Preps are being introduced to the Bloomer Party. On one side of the gym are the blue Mus yelling: "M-U, that's the way to spell it!" while on the other the Signas are screaming: "Ray, ray—row, row—Signas show 'em how!" Now the Preps are bewildered by a succession of parties; first, the Hallowe'en party—then the class parties. But the poor little preps are left out—the Seniors entertain the Sophs and the Juniors the Freshmen, but they, poor things, are forced to entertain themselves. At the end of the year they are introduced to their first class day exercises. They think they are "It" dressed in their white dresses and blue and pink hair ribbons as they sing to the tune of "Barney Google": "Hail the Prep class, the bestest class of all!"

REEL II. Next September finds the Class gathered together again. They have all grown a great deal and cut a very different figure. Miss Morgan and Miss Turner, however, keep them subdued as much as possible. They feel very grown up and proud when the Junior Class gives them a party this year, to which they come dressed in short dresses, socks, and hair-ribbons—each child being escorted by a nurse. The whole year is taken up with the usual round of activities and studies.

REEL III. The opening picture is again a dreary September day. The Sophs progress in many ways this year for their sisters, the dignified Seniors, give them advice on how to act. The general atmosphere has changed. Miss Morgan, the principle, is no longer with them, but they have a new leader, Miss Albertson, whom they learn to love dearly. There is an addition to the school property this year—a beautiful swimming pool. The class rejoices exceedingly over this, though several members have to attend study-hall for sticking chewing-gum in the shower-room. Elizabeth Platt, who started out in '23 as a baby prep, is now president of the class. Miss Monroe is the director and the cast works willingly under her leadership.

REEL IV. Cast seems somewhat changed—there is an air of sophistication. The little band of Preps of '23 are sophisticated Juniors. On Hallowe'en their Devils' cave is a terror to the poor Preps. Although there is plenty of fun there are new responsibilities as well. The cast works hard over dinners and sandwich-sales to make money for the Junior-Senior Banquet. Then, there is English M which tends to take the joy out of life by taking up from two to three hours three days out of the week. They are rewarded, however, for their labor for they can go down town in pairs twice a week, can go calling, and it is rumored that some Juniors even attend the movies occasionally. With May comes the Junior-Senior Banquet, the result of their labors. The Sir Walter is decorated in maroon and gray in honor of the Senior Class. On the last day of school the class, the Senior Class now, goes to the little store for the first time, a privilege which they enjoyed immensely and are destined to enjoy still more the following year.

REEL V. At last the actresses have reached their goal and are stars. They make up the Senior class now and feel very much honored in having Mrs. Tucker as Class Mother, Phoebe Harding as President, and Mr. Jones and Mr. Stone as sponsors. On Hallowe'en the Seniors have their stunt. While still on location they give an impromptu—a burlesque of the faculty. The Christmas festivities follow soon after the Carolina game on Thanksgiving. The class gives a play entitled *The Spirit of the Silver Slippers*, written by Phoebe Harding. Christmas vacation over, there is a sudden break in the film. Mr. Stone, their beloved teacher and sponsor is dead. Though he is dead the class will never forget him and his splendid example will live with them. It is hard for the class to begin work but the ever-dreaded examinations come in February and the exams are harder this year as Saint Mary's has become an A I Junior College. Spring holidays come soon after exams and in May is the Junior-Senior Banquet. The Seniors take their privilege of giving an entertainment—this year a play. Again, there is commencement rehearsal. The Seniors must now say goodbye to their dear Alma Mater. It is very hard to do but the class feels that a victory is won.

The Will

WE, the Senior class of 1928, being gathered together in solemn assembly on the eve of our departure into the great unknown, have reached the important decision that, as we have attained woman's estate, it is the due and proper time for us to put away childish things. However, fearing that if we desert them, they will be neglected and not given the proper care they deserve, we leave our most cherished possessions with all our love and affection to those who we believe will give them the attention they need.

1. The Senior class leaves to the oncoming Senior class (that means the Juniors) the out-of-doors Christmas tree. You are to continue this custom and make it one of Saint Mary's Traditions. It will be a living memorial to the Senior class of 1928.

2. The Hallowe'en lantern which our Class Mother gave us, we give to Sara Redding. Please hang it next Hallowe'en on the hall light of the new Junior-Senior Building and allow it to remain there for at least two months; this custom being established by the present Senior class.

3. We leave our "honorable flower garden" to the Juniors. This entails two gifts, one the garden itself and the other the grave of our dear, departed "Blackie." The former we leave to Caroline Tucker and the latter to Elizabeth Thornberry. The tulips that were laboriously planted last fall are to be picked and put on "Blackie's" grave. We have left 5 cents in the treasury to start a fund for the erection of a tombstone to commemorate his cheerful attitude while among us.

4. Virginia Norton leaves the home of the deceased "Blackie" to Angie Luther for her canary, with one stipulation, that once every week it is to be given an extra portion of seed as a mute tribute to the immortal "Blackie."

5. The picture of Gloria Swanson which was given to the class of '26 being now in the possession of Phoebe and Platt, is left by them to the new Senior Hall. This masterpiece is to be guarded with the greatest anxiety. On your departure from childish things it is to be left to the Junior most worthy of that honor.

6. The firm, Garrett and Ritter, leaves the money that it has made this year on Virginia Jets, for the building of an Infirmary for all stray dogs who come to the new Senior Hall. It wishes to leave this as a memorial to "Senior" (or "Joe").

7. To Texie Boggess, "Hoggie" leaves the assistant managership of the new Junior-Senior Hall.

8. Jackie Lawrence and Pattie Smith leave their perfect understanding and sweet dispositions as roommates as a model for all Seniors next year.

9. Jewel Sandlin and Julia Gaillard leave their class spirit to the Juniors. They have been faithful this year in getting pine-tops for Christmas plays and running errands for the Seniors.

10. Polly Harris and Elizabeth Johnson leave their Greta Garbo profiles and their wonderful complexions to Pie Smith.

11. Bay Dunn, with celerity, leaves the piano-playing in the parlor to Jean Houtz.

12. Susanne Tucker leaves her smiling face and her "pictures" to the Economics class.

13. Tiny Battle and Emily Hallyburton leave the extremely important knowledge that from Suedes Hall steps to the front of the Little Store, using the diagonal path, there are one thousand and nine steps, and a half step extra when you step over the threshold.

14. Sidney Curry leaves her French grades to Annie Parker Winborne.

15. In spite of hard work, eternal studying, numps almost, and other afflictions, "Kack" Duff has lasted through this year, and leaves her determination and will-power to the new Business Manager of the STAGE COVEN.

16. Sara Falkener and Erna Williams leave to the Epsilon Alpha Pi's and Sigma Lambda's their untiring devotion and loyalty.

17. Sara Evans, our most ancient classmate, who has been here at dear Saint Mary's longer than any of the rest of the Dignified Seniors, leaves this distinguished and honored position to Virginia Taylor.

18. To the new president of the Altar Guild, we leave Anna Bohannon's faithfulness and cheerfulness in the discharge of her duty and privilege this year.

19. Sarah Glover leaves her deepest sympathy for all poor Seniors who will be required to room in the new Senior Hall next year and therefore will not be allowed to room in the "Rock."

20. Helen Andrus and Olivia McKinnie leave their Damon-Pythias friendship to Betty Hoyt and Mary Baker Pitt.

21. We, the Seniors as a whole, leave to our class mother, Mrs. Tucker, our very best love.

22. To Mr. Jones, our class adviser, we leave our sincere thanks and love.

23. To Mrs. Stone we leave our love for dear Mr. Stone whom we loved as our class sponsor and friend, and

24. To Miss Albertson, Miss Holt, Mr. Way and Mr. Tucker our deep appreciation for all they have done for us this year.

Class Prophecy

I was visiting Tiny in Raleigh when the "round-robin" of the class of '28 made its fourth annual round. Between the outbursts of screams and slaps from the nursery, Tiny and I read it aloud—giggling reminiscently as we thought how the four years had changed our one-time sisters. Ellen Agee wrote that she was teaching gym at Saint Mary's, but that, never having learned to clog, she had been forced to leave that out of the course, much to the general sorrow. Helen Andrus, answering "the call of the wild," was in Africa saving souls and was not able to write for herself but Anna Bohannon said she was making great strides in the native conversions; also instituting various great American customs such as Saturday immersions, etc. Anna also submitted the news that she (Anna) was a featured singer in a most popular night club (in *New York*) which Sarah Glover, with her famous personality, had made a howling success ("rather a far cry from the Altar Guild," sighed Tiny). Anna wrote for many of the girls there in New York who were too busy and it seemed they were all successful. "Erm" and Virginia Norton had established *The Blackie Memorial Home for Disabled Canaries and West Pointers*, which was very flourishing. Olivia McKinnie had published a slim, expensive volume of verse entitled "-----" Sydney Curry was a mysteriously fascinating widow (Tiny heaved a sigh on reading this), the anonymous author of a successful play "The Hangover." Julia Gaillard and Jewel Sandlin, still inseparable, ran a darling little tea room, "The Chocolate Drop," for men only. (Tiny said she imagined this was the result of their daily whispered consultation in Economics.) Anna's contribution ended with that, and Katherine Duff's began.

"I am very happy," she wrote, "down at Nags Head, in a little rose-covered cottage built for two. My husband and I run a general store and it's so much like the old times at school I can quite imagine myself a girl again." She enclosed a snapshot of some girl—"an old friend of yours," she had written on the back, and Tiny and I both shrieked "Polly Harris" and it was—"the nub." That physique was unchanged and that profile was vaunted to the skies. She's a Coles Phillips model now and nationally known—"All those famous exercises of hers which shook feeble Senior Hall on its foundations are justified," murmured Tiny.) Kaek said that Phoebe and Platt had danced before the crowned heads of Europe, were world renowned, and had their pictures in all the society magazines. (Tiny remarked that she'd seen their "famous dancing feet" in Blue Jay Ads, but I'm sure that was envy pure and simple.)

Bay Dunn, the class Joker and the most remarkable pianist possible, wrote that she was on Keith's circuit and played Raleigh often. ("I take the children to the matinee every time she comes," Tiny said. "She's always the headliner and the children cry for more.")

Julia Brent Hicks informed the class that she had married and settled down (she always was the most sensible girl in the class) and has twins, red topped little boys. She added that Leslie Ritter, famous tight-rope dancer of Barnum & Bailey is under the care of Mayo Brothers as a result of a fall she had when her lover, mad with despair at her indifference, tripped her at her afternoon performance.

"Little Em" Hallyburton had entered as a novice in Crève Coeur Convent where Billy Hiatt, for whom we had prophesied a brilliant success on the stage, was Mother Superior! Julia Brent did not know positively, but she understood that their withdrawal from the world was occasioned by the same trouble—"a three letter word meaning the stronger sex." "Judy" added subtly. Little Em was spending her time drawing posters of a rosy checked young man for the Woodbury Soap Company.

Sarah Falkener did not write this time. Tiny said she was at Reno trying to get a divorce before the opening season of Leap Year. "Sarah wanted the best of everything and she said she wasn't going to be satisfied until she'd found the ideal man, but I have him," Tiny remarked complacently.

Pattie Smith, one of the highest high-kickers in the Russian ballet, wrote gleefully that she was now Pavlova's understudy and apparently high up the ladder of fame.

Jackie wrote briefly that her little John was entering on "that dangerous second summer" and that she was forced to stay with him entirely. ("Jackie always was thorough," Tiny recalled, "Remember she even used to make out her laundry lists.")

Susanne Tucker, always artful, is now a well-known illustrator with a fond attachment for Huxley and Darwin after office hours. ("She hasn't changed," said Tiny, "she always loved those men, though I used to think she carried them about just to make an impression.")

"Hoggie," her beauty untouched by years, wired Tiny that at the opening night of "Let the Men Pay" in which she starred, that the seats were \$100, (AND THE MEN PAID—the house was packed!)

Little old Ree Carrett, our most versatile Senior, cabled from abroad that she had attracted nation-wide attention in her Senior year by her remarkable executive ability, and the Secretary of the Treasury asked her to see what she could do about collecting the foreign debt. "It's mere child's play after collecting for "Virginia Jets," Ree is reported as telling the press representatives who interviewed her in London.

"I know we must have seemed ordinary, everyday, girls to the faculty and our superiors, (if they existed)," Tiny remarked thoughtfully, "but did it never occur to you to wonder what kind Fate it was that gathered all that talent and versatility and mentality in one class? Personally I think it was a miracle."



ELIZABETH PLATT
MOST LOYAL



SARA GLOVER
MOST LOVABLE



LEORA HIATT
MOST TALKATIVE



HARRIET GARRET
MOST BOYISH



EMILY HALLYBURTON
MOST FEMININE



SARA EVANS
MOST SHY



SARA FAULKNER & PATTIE SMITH
MOST BRILLIANT



ELIZABETH JOHNSON
MOST WITTY



JOSEPHINE BATTLE
MOST LIKELY TO MARRY

SENIOR STATISTICS

Song of the Seniors

LESLIE is the frankest gal,
Polly is our collitch "nub,"
Hoggie's the best all round pal,
Johnson's the athletic dub.

Anna runs the Altar Guild,
Pattie grinds the Annual staff,
Norton works to keep that build,
Teeny jokes and makes us laugh.

E. Platt heads the student mob,
Phoebe steers the Seniors true,
Billy tells the Sigma Lambdas,
Just exactly what to do.

Duff upholds the Business side,
But she and Agee socialize.
All in all the seniors are
Mighty clever, mighty wise.





MISS SUTTON



MISS LEE



MISS TERRILL



MR. STONE



MR. JONES



MRS. TUCKER

FRIENDS OF THE SENIORS

Bad Dream of a Senior

SIR LAWRENCE HARDING, who was old Sir JOHN's SON, had just seated himself at his dinner. A PLATTer of HALIBURT ON toast was put before him, to be followed later by plum-DUFF. He dined in regal style, in the company of his daughter who was dressed with many a GAILLARD of lace on her best bib and TUCKER. But for all their airs, the family had not long lived that way. The great-grand-father of this man had been a GLOVER; then his grandfather became a FALKENER to the king so he could always keep the leather gloves on hand for hunting. (Echo answers—on whose hand?) This man had fought in a decisive BATTLE and had DUNN a great many noble deeds for which he was knighted and given a home in a grove of stately oak trees by A GEE-ographical surmise somewhere in the south. As Sir LAWRENCE vulgarly put it, this raised them to the HARRIS-tocracy. Yet he still had a burgher spirit.

As he sat lost in thought—(compare the bitter brooding thought of Jean Valjean in "La Chute") many reminders came to him of the dark deeds his poor but noble neighbors had committed on his property. They thought that birth could condone everything (cf. Falkland in "Caleb Williams"); that a high name in a GARRETT was better than great riches; yet they did not hesitate to steal from him at will in a HOGGARD-ly way because he would not CURRY favor with them—a huge door swung silently open on its hinges, creaking with age AND RUS-t (according to the most Gothic element in the early English novel). At the same time a picture swung loose from its hangings (Le vent had probably soufflé a little but he did not know it).

With an indefinable feeling of impending trouble the baron saw his SMITH arrive. The man was SHI ATT first, as shown by his nervouS ANDLING of his hat, and afraid to tell his news (this is only a mediæval device, however, to prolong suspense) but he finally yielded to his master's impatience and stammered forth his news.

The baron gave a great sNORT ON hearing it and raised his hands in wrath.

"EVINS," he said, "I knew it; they will ruin me; they will destroy my trade; they will kill me—."

"What is it, father?" quieried the rather insipid daughter.

"MCKINNE hen," he groaned in despair. "They have taken my best guinea hen and the nine best cHICKS!"

Author's note: The name BOHANNON has been omitted. It simply would not aid in the development of the plot action. *In pace requiescat.*





SENIORS AS THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Lament

ANNA says there ain't no use
In buying soap.
No matter how low a brand she'd choose
She gave up hope

Of ever getting some that wouldn't meet
The public favour.
Every kind—acid or sweet
Had worlds of savour.

To everybody on the hall
Her taste seemed perfect and to fill
The exact needs to each and all,
But Anna said "now ain't that sil."

"I can't afford, in spite of love,
To keep this whole hall clean,
And if I don't keep some on hand
The girls will say I'm mean."

Polly wants some "what will remove
All smears of good ole pore cream,"
Billy wants some that will prove
Swell to wash her sox in.

Anna says its downright funny
What becomes of soap.
The poor girl, one time so sunny
Has begun to mope.

The mystery's deep, and much involved;
It gives the whole hall pain;
And yet we wish it could be solved
So we could wash again.



Donkey

JUNIOR



MARGARET CAMERON
President

SARA REDDING
Vice President

FREDA WEBB
Secretary-Treasurer

Junior Class

COLORS: *Purple and Lavender*

FLOWER: *Violet*

MOTTO: *Aim high but reach higher*

Class Officers

MARGARET CAMERON	<i>President</i>
SARA REDDING	<i>Vice President</i>
FREDA WEBB	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
MISS RUEF	<i>Junior Adviser</i>

Student Council Members

MARGARET CAMERON ELIZABETH THORNBERRY
VIRGINIA TAYLOR



EVELYN BEACHAM
Dublin, Ga.

EMILY WOOD BADHAM
Edenton, N. C.

JULIA TEXIE BOGGESS
Del Rio, Texas

FLORENCE ELLIS BOWERS
Washington, N. C.

MARY GRIST BOWERS
Washington, N. C.

MARY MARSHALL BRIGGS
Raleigh, N. C.

MARGARET CAMERON
Coronado, Calif.

ISABELLE REDDING CLARKE
Waycross, Ga.

MARGARET LOUISE DAVENPORT
Rocky Mount, N. C.





NANNIE ALICE CROWDER
Henderson, N. C.

ELLEN EDMONDSON ESKRIDGE
Raleigh, N. C.

FLORENCE EARLE FARNUM
Newport, R. I.

LOUISE ELIZABETH FARMER
Raleigh, N. C.

LUCY CARTER FREEZE
Hendersonville, N. C.

KATE PARKS KITCHIN
Scotland Neck, N. C.

LUCY FLOYD
Oxford, N. C.

MARTHA LANIER
Chattanooga, N. C.

ELEANOR HUBARD
Lynchburg, Va.

ELLEN PORTER LEWIS
Birmingham, Ala.

MARY ANGIE LUTHER
Beaufort, N. C.

MARGARET GREEN
Philadelphia, Pa.

JANICE HARBORT
Waynesville, N. C.

MARGARET HARRINGTON
Raleigh, N. C.

CHARLOTTE HILL
Norfolk, Va.

FRANCES JORDAN
Weldon, N. C.

MARGUERITE MAUNDE
Dublin, Ga.

MARY PERRIN NEVILLE
Meridian, Miss.





FRANCES VIRGINIA NEWMAN
Farmville, Va.

EMILY DEWEY MITCHELL
Chapel Hill, N. C.

HELEN KALE
Lexington, N. C.

EDITH DELZELLE PASTEUR
Ocala, Fla.

*Your mummy - Please don't
forget me - Love, "Dell"*

SARA ELIZABETH REDDING
Waycross, Ga.

MARGARET SCOTT RUNNION
Raleigh, N. C.

MARY ELIZABETH SMITH
Goldsboro, N. C.

HELEN SUPPLER STEIN
Batavia, N. Y.

META DEVEREUX STOCKARD
Wilmington, N. C.

DOROTHY STRYKER
Orange, N. J.

EMILY HAYES SUMNER
Raleigh, N. C.

VIRGINIA TAYLOR
Bronxville, N. Y.

ANNIE ANDREWS THOMAS
Henderson, N. C.

ENDORA ELIZABETH THOMAS
Richmond, Va.

ANNETTE REVELEY TUCKER
Raleigh, N. C.

CAROLINE E. TUCKER
Raleigh, N. C.

FREDA TOWERS WEBB
Hillsboro, N. C.

MARY LAURENCE WITHERS
Raleigh, N. C.

CORNELIA BATTLE WITSELL
Little Rock, Ark.

MARY BADHAM WOOD
Edenton, N. C.





JUNIORS



Conditional Juniors

AUSTIN
BRIGHAM
BRYANT,
BYRD
CAMERON, M.
COOPER
CRAVER
DRANE
DUNCAN
JENKINS

LEGGETT
FOSTER
FREEMAN
GILKEY
GORHAM
HODGES
HOWELL
JORDAN
MONTGOMERY
PARKER

PATTERSON
RICHARDSON
ROPER
TATE
THORNBERRY
TUCKER, C.
TURNER
UNDERHILL
WOOLWORTH
TALIAFERRO



Epsilon Rho

Π Ω

MOTTO: *I want to be answered!*
PASSWORD: *You heard me!*

HEADMAN..... *Miss Sutton*
TRAVELING SALESMAN..... *Froffy*

Members

BABE	GLOVE	MABLE	PLATT
BEBE	ISA	MATTSY	SALLY
BETTY	LILA	PHIBBIE	TARRY
ELEANOR			TUCKER



The S. A. S.

KALE	WEATHERSBY
PATTERSON	RICHARDSON
NEVILLE	GILKEY

Kappa Safety

PRESIDENT.....	<i>We have none</i>
VICE PRESIDENT.....	<i>Doesn't "rate"</i>
SECRETARY.....	<i>Just for "fun"</i>
TREASURER.....	<i>We all hate</i>

MOTTO: *Kappa Safety in time*
Holds 'em fine

Members

BOWERS	VICTROLA	FREEZE	SELL AND BUY
BROWN	SHINOLA	HAY	GET OR DIE
BURCKMEYER	LONG HAIR	STILWELL	HALL ZOO
COLLINS	UNDERWEAR	F. WEBB	MIGHTY TRUE
DUFFY	HATS	S. WEBB	NATURAL CURL
FLOYD	CATS	HONORARY	SMART GIRL





Sophomore Class

COLORS: *Ebony and Gold*

MOTTO: *Climb tho the rocks be rugged*

FLOWER: *Black-eyed Susan*

Class Officers

MARGARET FOX	President
BETTY COMER	Vice President
ELEANOR GIBSON	Secretary-Treasurer
MISS BOHANNON	Class Adviser

Student Council Members

MARGARET FOX ELEANOR GIBSON

Class Roll

ALFRED	DOBBS	LEWIS, M. H.	POWELL
BARHAM	EATON	LONON	STEELE
BEACHAM	FAIRLEY	LYNCH	TARRY
BLACKBURN	FOX	LYON	THOMASON
BRITT	GIBSON	McGWIGAN	VAUGHAN
BURCKMYER	HAY	McRAE	WALTER
CAPEHART	HAZELL	MASON	WEATHERSBY
CLARKE, E.	HOOK	MATHEWS, E.	WEBB, E.
CLEVE	HOWELL	MATHEWS, L.	WIGGS
COMER	KELLY	MATHIESON	WILLIAMS, M.
CUMMINS	LEE	PATTERSON	WILLIS
DICKERSON	LEWIS, M. B.	PITT	WILSON, G.
	WINBORNE		





Freshman Class

COLORS: *Red and Gray*

FLOWER: *Red Rose*

Class Officers

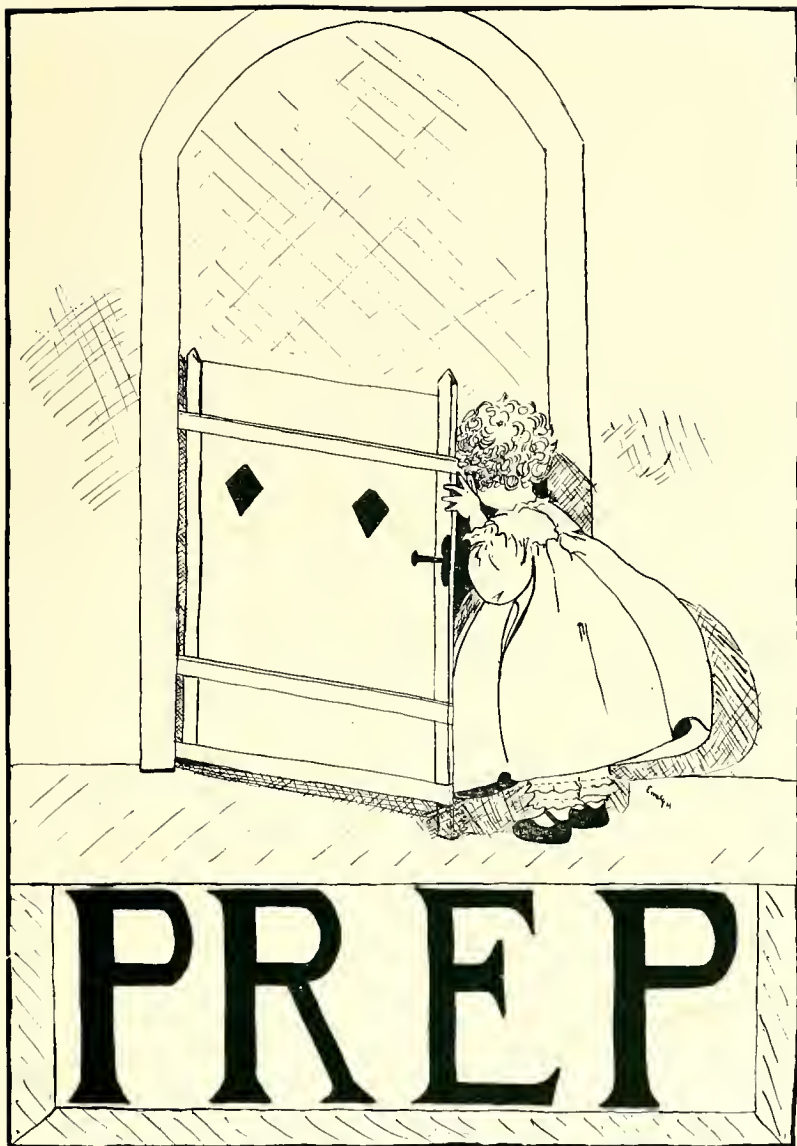
SHIRLEY NOBLE.....	President
FRANCES HAMILTON.....	Vice President
POLLY HOWARD.....	Secretary-Treasurer
MISS BASON.....	Class Adviser

Student Council Member

SHIRLEY NOBLE

Class Roll

AMES	DAVIS, M. P.	HOUTZ	MANGUM
BOESCH	FAIRFAX	HUTCHINSON	NOBLE
BRICKEY	FINLAY	JEFFRESS	PARK
BROWN	GLINES	LASSITER	VAN SICKLER
CARROLL	HAMILTON	LAWRENCE	SLADE
CURTIS	HARDY	MACMILLAN	VERNER
DAVIS, D.	HOWARD	MADARA	WARREN
		WATKINS	





Preps

COLORS: *Pink and Blue*

MOTTO: *Children should be seen and not heard*

Class Officers

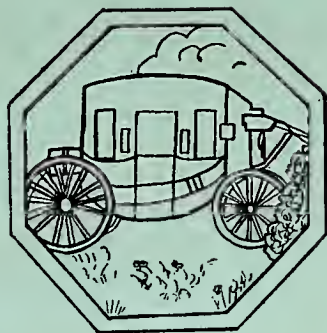
FRANCES HAIGH.....President
THEODORA CAMERON.....Vice President
ELIZABETH COLLINS.....Secretary-Treasurer
MISS ROBERTS.....Class Adviser

ANDERSON
ARTHUR
BAILY
BROWN, M. P.
CAMERON, T.
COLLINS
ELLIOT
GLENN
HAIGH
HARDIN
HOYT
IRBY
JUHAN

LINDSEY
LYNAH
MCGILL
MACRAE
MANNING, M.
O'FARRELL
SHEWMAKE
SHORE
STILWELL
STORR
UNDERWOOD, A. L.
UNDERWOOD, E.
WEBB, S.

WILSON, D.

ACTIVITIES



ORGANIZATIONS



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HARRIET GARRETT
ASST. EDITOR



ELIZABETH JOHNSON
ASST. EDITOR



PATTIE SHERWOOD SMITH
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



MARY NEVILLE
LITERARY EDITOR



JOSEPHINE PARKER
LITERARY EDITOR

1928

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JULIA BRENT HICKS
ASST. BUS. MGR



EMILY HALLYBURTON
ART EDITOR



MARY KATHERINE DUFF
BUSINESS MANAGER



CLYDE DUNCAN
ASST. BUS. MGR.

1928



ISABELLE CLARKE
TYPIST



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TEXIE BOGGESS.....	Assistant Editor
SHIRLEY NOBLE.....	Assistant Editor
MARGARET FOX.....	Assistant Editor
JACQUELIN DRANE.....	Literary Editor
NANNIE CROWDER.....	School News Editor
EMILY WOOD BADHAM.....	Society Editor
ELIZABETH MASON.....	Typist



Pan-Archon Council

ELIZABETH PLATT.....	<i>President of Student Body</i>
PIG-BE HARDING.....	<i>Senior President</i>
MARGARET CAMERON.....	<i>Junior President</i>
MARGARET FOX.....	<i>Sophomore President</i>
SHIRLEY NOBLE.....	<i>Freshman President</i>
FRANCES HAIGH.....	<i>Prep. President</i>
PATTIE SMITH.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief of the Annual</i>
KATHERINE DEFF.....	<i>Business Manager of the Annual</i>
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ERMA WILLIAMS.....	<i>Sigma Lambda President</i>
MATTIE SUE TAYLOR.....	<i>Sigma President</i>
VIRGINIA TAYLOR.....	<i>Mu President</i>
HARRIET GARRETT.....	<i>Editor-in-Chief the Bulletin</i>
TENIE BOGGESS.....	<i>President of the Church School Service League</i>
ANNA BOHANNON.....	<i>President of Altar Guild</i>
JOSEPHINE BATTLE.....	<i>President of College Club</i>
LEORA HIATT.....	<i>President of Dramatic Club</i>





Altar Guild

ANNA BOHANNON.....	President
J. TENIE BOGCESS.....	Vice President
MISS ROBERTS.....	First Supervisor
MISS BASON.....	Second Supervisor

Members

ANDRUS, H.
BATTLE, J.
BOGCESS, J.
BARIHAM, S.
BOHANNON, A.
CAMERON, M.
DRANE, J.
DUFF, K.
GARRETT, H.

GLOVER, S.
HARDING, P.
HAMILTON, F.
HOYT, B.
JOHNSON, E.
MCKINNE, O.
NORTON, V.
PATTERSON, R.

PITT, M. B.
PLATT, E.
RITTER, L.
SUBLETT, N.
TAYLOR, V.
VAUGHN, R.
WEBB, E.
WEBB, F.
WILLIAMS, E.





Choir Members

MR. JONES.....	<i>Director and Organist</i>
MISS TRIGG.....	<i>Assistant Organist</i>
MISS FIELDING.....	<i>Leading Soprano</i>
MISS HOUGHEN.....	<i>Leading Alto</i>
ELIZABETH WEBB.....	<i>Crucifer</i>

Members

ANDRUS
BOHANNON
CAMERON, M.
COMER
DUFF
EATON
FAIRFAX

GILKEY
GLINES
HOUTZ
HOWARD
KELLY
MADARA
MATHIESON, M.
MCKINNE

PATTERSON
PLATT
SHORE, F.
THOMAS, A.
THORNBERRY
VAUGHN
WILSON, D.





RISING BELL



BREAKFAST



MAIL



CLASSES



RECESS



AFTER SCHOOL



SPARE MINUTES

A DAY AT SAINT MARY'S



Epsilon Alpha Pi

COLORS: *Green and Gold*

FLOWER: *Jonquil*

MOTTO: *Esse Quam Videri*

Officers

SARA FALKENER.....	President
JOSEPHINE BATTLE.....	Vice President
TEXIE BOGGESS.....	Secretary
HELEN ANDRUS.....	Treasurer
MISS COOK.....	Faculty Adviser

Members

AOEE, E.	FARNUM	MATBIESON
ANDERSON	FLOYD	McKINNE
ANDRUS	GARRETT	McGWIGAN
ARTHUR	GIBSON	MITCHELL
AUSTIN	GILKEY	MONTOOMERY
BADHAM	GLENN	NEWMAN
BEACHAM, E.	HALLYBURTON	O'FARRELL
BEACHAM, F.	HARDING	PARK
BOESCH	HODOES	PARKER
BOGGESS	HOOK	PITT
BOWERS, F.	HOUTZ	PLATT
BLACKBURN	HOWARD	POWELL
BRIGGS, M.	HOYT	RANEY
BIGHAM	HUBARD	RITTER
BROWN, M.	IRBY	SLADE
BROWN, M. F.	JEFFRESS	STOCKARD
BERCKMYER	JENKINS	TAYLOR, M. S.
CAMERON, T.	JOHNSON, E.	TALIAFERRO
CLARKE, J. E.	KALE	THOMAS, A. A.
CLARKE, I.	KELLY	THOBNBERRY
CLEVE	KITCHIN	TUCKER, A.
COOPER	LEE	TUCKER, C.
CROWDER	LEWIS, E.	UNDERHILL
CUMMINS	LEWIS, M. H.	UNDERWOOD, A. L.
DAVIS, D.	LONON	UNDERWOOD, E.
DICKERSON	LUTHER	VAUGHAN
DUFF	LYNCH	WARREN
DUNN, E. S.	MADARA	WEATHERSBY
DUNN, M.	MASON, E.	WILLIAMS, M.
EATON	MANGUM	WILLIS
ELLIOT	MANNING	WILSON, D.
FAIRLEY	MATHEWS, E.	WILSON, G.
FALKENER		WITSELL



and to
see
Riley





Marshals

ELIZABETH SMITH, *Chief*-----Sigma Lambda

EMILY WOOD BADHAM-----E. A. P.

MARGARET CAMERON--Sigma Lambda

JEANETTE GILKEY-----E. A. P.

SARA REDDING. -----Sigma Lambda



Inter-Society Debaters

QUERY: *Resolved*, That the Monroe Doctrine should be continued
as a part of the foreign policy of the United States.

Affirmative

EMILY WOOD BADHAM-----E. A. P.

JULIA TEXIE BOGGESS-----E. A. P.

Negative

VIRGINIA TAYLOR-----Sigma Lambda

FRANCES JORDAN-----Sigma Lambda

In Memory of William Enos Stone

(Winning poem in Inter-society Contest)

YOU would be first to bid us not to mourn,
You'd chide when our unbidden tears would fall,
And tell us that, although our hearts are torn,
Our grief, when shared, is not a grief at all.
Still lives the fragrance of the withered flow'r;
Long glows the mellowed light from vanished sun;
So is it now with us in this sad hour,
Your mem'ry—for we loved you—every one.
Your love for us, like brightly burning star
That brighter grows with coming of the dawn,
Shall shed a benediction from afar,
A blessing that shall follow on and on.

MARY THERESA LAWRENCE, Sigma Lambda



The Legend of the San Felipe Springs

By

JULIA TEXIE BOGGESE, E. A. P.

"Madre de Dios, but he rides thee hard, chiquito! And yet, even carried by thy swift legs, he does not return till dawn. Ah! look at thy hoofs! Pobrecito, surely these rocks and hills are not to thy liking. Indeed, 'tis a foolhardy errand that takes him out each night even at the risk of exposing our retreat. Oh well, we must remember, little one, that he is in love and forgive his weakness."

These murmured condolences came from a young man who was quickly unsaddling a tired buckskin mustang. He solicitously massaged the stiff muscles of the pony's legs before taking him to water at the river bank. After turning him into the crude little pen with the other mounts, the young man, Miguel, strolled leisurely toward the spot where the recent rider of the mustang lay relaxed on a blanket. As he stood looking down at the lean dark face of the man already sleeping soundly, his eyes softened and he smiled faintly.

"El Capitán is indeed in love, poor fellow. He is a true cahallero and she a beautiful maiden, but what folly! What can come of it? Well, 'tis of his own doing. Of these nightly meetings there can be few more, for soon we must move our camp south along el Rio Grande."

In the shadow of several tall pecan trees which grew beside the cool little river, a small group of men was gathered to eat the meager breakfast they themselves had prepared. It was a rough looking company, but beneath the soft beards were youthful faces, none of them having as yet seen thirty years. They had the fine dark eyes and graceful carriage of the true Spaniard, unusual in a country thinly inhabited by Indians and a few half-breed peons. All were dressed in soft worn suits of leather that conformed closely to their slender, erect bodies. The young men, who were sitting in carelessly comfortable positions, were quietly discussing El Capitán, Felipe de Valero, as Miguel approached.

"He did not return till dawn this time," volunteered the usually laconic Pablo.

"The buckskin's feet are getting tender," from Carlos.

"I fear our Felipe is scarcely prudent," said Ricardo.

Hot-headed young Tonio sprang to his feet, "Have care, Ricardo, while El Capitán is sleeping, do not say what you would not were he awake and listening!"

"Calm yourself, Tonio mio," returned the impassive Ricardo, "gladly would I say those very words to Felipe, and, before the day is over, such is my intention. I shall also tell him that he is very unwise as well as imprudent, for love and war are a sad combination."

"Ah, you are cold hearted, Ricardo," exclaimed Tonio, quickly defensive, "It is wonderful to be in love on days such as these, and with such a girl—Caramba! but she is a beauty!"

"Silence, Tonio!" commanded Ramón, who sat a little apart from the others, "Ricardo is right; love and war are a sad, infinitely sad, combination." He turned his head away and even Tonio was quiet through sympathy, for all knew how Ramón had torn himself away from his young wife to join the rebel, Hidalgo. Then after weeks of fighting for the liberation of Mexico, he had returned to find that a Spanish army had destroyed the village leaving no trace of her whereabouts.

"Never fear, compadres," said Miguel breaking the silence, "Felipe will not let his heart sway him in his purpose. He is steadfast. Was it not for that we chose him as our leader?"

"You are right, Miguel," agreed Carlos, "when word comes from Morelos, Felipe will not hesitate. If the summons would only come! I am impatient with dawdling away time in this hole, beautiful though it be! Oh, if we could but he fighting with Allende and Hidalgo! Dios mio, they were men! Had not those dogs of Indians deserted there at Guanajato, they would be at the capital now defying Spain, instead of resting their last rest at the foot of some scaffold!"

"I too am restless in this cowardly retreat, Carlos," said Pablo. "I cannot sleep peacefully until I have avenged my father who died in poverty. Those cursed obras pias (Benevolent funds) robbed him of every peso and the later forced land sale confiscated our very home and lands. Christo, but I would like to feel the throat of the man who made that law!"

"My father was trod underfoot by the horse of a Spanish general, because he refused to adn it the black-hearted scoundrel to our home! I must live to see him die!" cried José, the youngest of the troop. He was only a boy of sixteen, but his whole body was trembling with the intensity of his desire for vengeance.

"If only we can regain at Cuatla what was lost with the capture of Allende and the sainted Hidalgo! Compadres, we must, we must!" exclaimed the ardent Tonio.

"I hope the summons does not come while our esteemed captain is on one of his nocturnal visits," said Ricardo, "Our orders were to leave within the hour."

" 'Twould not matter," explained Miguel, "for I have instructions to superintend the immediate breaking of camp and have authority to call a forced march south in such a circumstance. The march would take us near the largest of the three great springs where Felipe meets his Dolores. Our young friend, José, would then offer to ride ahead and call Felipe that our little company might be complete. Have no fear, Ricardo; Felipe knows how to use that handsome head he carries on his shoulders."

"Mille gracias, Miguel, for that vote of confidence," pleasantly said El Capitán, who had quietly joined the group. He bent to pour himself some coffee and straightened to face his comrades. As he stood there tousled and unshaven, he seemed charged with an unseen force and a queer light shone in his dark eyes. He spoke without emotion. "My friends, you were kind enough to choose me as your captain on the day before the terrible defeat when we lost Miguel's brother, Enrique. That day I took an oath that I would never fail you, but would do always what seemed to me right and best. I know that you, Pablo, were not satisfied to retreat into this desolate country even after our great leaders were executed, but we were so few we could not have prevailed against the Spanish troops. Our best chance was to hide from the officials who were like to seek out all able-bodied young men who were not in the king's uniform. Few though we are, they fear us, for men such as we have proved ourselves to be are not easily discouraged from a task to which they set themselves. We must bide our time here beyond the reach of prying individuals and wait until our new great general, Morelos, can gather forces and be in need of us. Alone we could do little, but combined with others we may yet win our liberty!

"It is also easy to see that some of you do not look favorably upon my nightly visits to the big spring where I meet the señorita Dolores. I can understand your disapproval and am sorry for it. I realize that my actions are not of the wisest, but, men, believe me when I say that no one but Dolores knows of my coming and going. She takes the utmost precautions to see that no one marks her absences."

"Since I am your chosen Captain, I cannot see that it is necessary for me to explain my actions. But you are my friends, some of whom do not even desire an explanation, and you, I think, are entitled to one. Tonight I shall tell my Dolores goodbye, but as soon as this war is over, I am coming back to her and we are going to have a home near that wonderful spring where we first met!" he ended passionately.

Felipe gulped down the coffee, tossed the cup aside, and sank to the ground beside Miguel who placed an understanding hand on his shoulder. When the weary captain dropped back to rest face downward on the grass, Miguel watched him affectionately. Had not this boy been as a brother to him and the lost Enrique? And now since Enrique's death Felipe was all the more dear to the older man. God grant that he might yet see the boy happy with Dolores as his wife.

Tonio's eyes were shining with admiration as he regarded this captain who was his ideal of manly conduct. Of course he was blameless. Por Dios, who could doubt a man such as he? Had Ricardo seen the fearless challenge in his eyes while he spoke to them? By heavens, he would follow that fellow wherever he chose to lead.

He leaned over to touch José and said to him in an undertone, "My boy, grow up like our captain and you will be a *real* man."

"Sí, Tonio," replied the boy, "I don't believe I would be far from right."

Before night fell Felipe had saddled the buckskin pony and was ready to make the usual ride to his trysting place. After mounting the horse, he rode close to the camp and called to his friends, "Men, the time draws near and should a messenger come while I am gone, waste no time. March south, send for me, and I will join you. Miguel is always in command during my absence. *Adiós!*"

Abruptly turning his horse, he trotted briskly away until the figure of horse and rider became indistinguishable amid the sagebrush and cactus.

In central Mexico, before the young rebels led by Felipe de Valero had even had time to pitch camp on el Rio del Diablo, General Yermo of the Spanish army summoned from the ranks one Manuel Ortego, a half-breed Indian who had voluntarily enlisted with the Spaniards.

When Ortego appeared Yermo acknowledged him with a nod, glared harshly at him, and finally snapped, "You are from that part of this cursed country called Coahuila?"

"Sí, señor," answered the uneasy man.

"You know the country well?"

"Sí, señor."

"Would you undertake a dangerous task for one hundred pesos?"

"Sí, sí, señor," this more eagerly.

"Very well, listen carefully. There is a troop of Spanish rebels, traitors to their blood and country, who have withdrawn up el Rio Grande toward the pueblo of La Loma de la Cruz. You must follow and locate them, and kill, if possible, the most dangerous, Felipe de Valero, who is the captain. If you cannot, return to me immediately after you have located them. If you kill the captain, I will reward you with one hundred and fifty pesos."

An hour later saw Manuel Ortego journeying northward with a full description of Felipe de Valero in his pocket. Nestled at the foot of a peculiarly round and symmetrical hill was the quiet pueblo of La Loma de la Cruz, so named because of the large wooden cross firmly planted on the hill top. The central building of the village was the

small 'dobe mission which was the pride and joy of Father Fernandez, who saw in it the fulfillment of his dreams. It was he who had built the cross and converted the Indians of the village. With their help the buildings of the mission had been constructed of the sun-baked brick, adobe. Alone he had brought the Word of God to this wasteland and made it a living example of His greatness. As a companion in this voluntary exile from those of his own kind, the good padre had his orphaned niece, Dolores.

She had been but a thin, serawny child of fourteen when she had first endured the many hardships side by side with her loved uncle. The passing years had softened the lines of the olive cheek and full red mouth. The fearless grey eyes were wider and the wild black hair had been tamed to be in keeping with the new womanliness she had attained. With all her growth and development, however, she had not lost a particle of that venturesome courage which had so marked the child who years before had refused to be left behind while her uncle journeyed into a new country fraught with new experiences. She was adored by the village Indians and was comparatively happy helping her uncle in his kindly works. She was not discontented, but deep within her there was a vague undefined desire for something different. The distant mountains were promises while the great deep spring, whose water combined with those of two lesser springs to make the little river which flowed past the village of La Loma de la Cruz, was a symbol of her unswerving devotion to her uncle and her interest in the monotonous village life.

Dolores often spent the hot hours of the afternoon lying in the shade of the willow trees which bordered the banks of this distinctively beautiful spring. It was so large that forty men with arms outstretched could scarcely have encircled it and no one knew how deep it was. She loved to gaze at the eerie caverns which, when the sun sank to a certain angle, she could see far back in the cool green depths. The moss and other water plants stretched their tendrils waveringly upward and seemed to be hardly strong enough to resist the eternal tugging of the icy water as it bubbled up from some unknown source. In spite of the apparent force of this upward flow, there was a peculiarity about the spring which often delighted Dolores. She could toss a fairly heavy log of wood into the water and watch it—not float away, but sink slowly out of sight as if it were grasped by mysterious hands from below.

The hot, dull days passed slowly until one day a single event changed Dolores' life from a monotonously peaceful existence into a remarkable adventure. She was unbelievably happy, and yet, she could confide the cause of her happiness to no one without betraying the trust that was beginning to mean more than life to her. No one in the village knew of the young Spaniard whom she had surprised kneeling to drink at the brink of her spring one afternoon. Ah, she could laugh yet to remember how startled he had been to see her standing there. And no one would ever know, for he had explained to her that, for him and his friends camped a few miles away, life or death depended on how well the secret should be kept. No one, not even Father Fernandez, knew that each night after dusk had fallen and the village was asleep, Dolores crept from her room and slipped along the dim path to the spring, there to meet and talk for perhaps an hour with her new friend.

It was not long before love took the place of friendship, for Felipe was young and impetuous and she was strongly attracted to this dashing leader of a rebel band. The entire color of Dolores' life was changed by this wonderful and (to her) new emotion. She could endure the long days only because of the prospect of the few stolen moments to be spent with Felipe in the evenings. She was also intensely conscious of the secret she was guarding, and her fits of abstraction puzzled her uncle more than once.

She had no real apprehensions, however, until Manuel Ortego, a one-time resident of the village, came swaggering back from the wars. He dazzled the natives with lurid tales of his bravery and annoyed Dolores with the amorous glances he soon began to cast in her direction. She had no reason to believe her fears justified, until one evening she almost encountered him at the edge of the town as she was starting down the narrow path leading to the spring. Terrified, she sped back to her room, but she knew she had been seen and feared the questions he might ask.

She would have been frantic indeed had she known that Ortego, prompted by curiosity when he saw pursuit to be useless, had sought out the indistinct path down which her feet had been directed. He followed it warily and, warned by the stamping of horses' hoofs, stopped before he burst through the screen of willows into the sight of the impatient young man standing beside the horse. Astonished and nonplussed Manuel crouched in hiding until Felipe, worried and tired of the useless wait, mounted and rode away.

Manuel, who was not noted for the keenness of his wit, was frankly puzzled. Contrary to Dolores' expectations however, the next day he made no mention of the incident of the night before. Instead, with native caution, he hid the next evening near the spring in an attempt to solve the mystery to his satisfaction. He was scarcely settled in his hiding place when Dolores came hurrying toward the spring. She stood with hands nervously clasping and unclasping to await her lover. She did not have long to wait, for soon the sound of horses' feet announced his coming. When he pushed through the dense underbrush and saw Dolores standing there, he quickly dismounted and rushed eagerly forward to catch her in his arms. After a long kiss he slightly loosened his hold and started to question her as to the reason for her absence the preceding night. Before his words were formulated Dolores burst into a flood of explanation and warning. She begged him to forgive her blundering and bade him leave at once. Felipe was a little startled by this turn of events, but he only held her more closely and attempted to quiet her fears. At last, to please her, he consented to leave only on the condition that she would meet him there the following night for a last farewell.

Crouched nearby Ortego watched Felipe reluctantly tell Dolores goodby. He had been able to hear only a few of the words that had passed between the two, but he had heard the girl call the man Felipe. Suddenly Ortego's dull wits quickened. Felipe! why that was the name of the rebel leader whom he sought. Then surely this must be he.

Remarkable that he had stumbled across him so quickly. This was excellent, the rest was easy and soon he would be richer by one hundred and fifty pesos. Now he would return to his hut and whet his dagger that it might slip in more easily.

It was a downcast captain who urged his horse forward through the gathering dusk so that he could have a few more precious moments with Dolores. It was the last time they would meet for months, and, unless God was very good, perhaps the last time they would meet on earth. Felipe had no illusions concerning the dangers he was soon to face with Morelos, and it was only with the greatest optimism that he could imagine himself surviving them unscathed. But tonight was tonight and he would make the most of it. He pushed his horse into a gallop in order to cover more quickly the short distance between him and the meeting place. He dropped the reins over the horse's head, dismounted, and ran to the bank of the spring. Expectantly he glanced around, but Dolores was not yet there. Wearied by riding and suspense, he seated himself on the ground and gazed into the spring, the surface of which was transparent silver in the moonlight.

The same moonlight shone on the polished blade of the knife before it sank into Felipe's unsuspecting back. Without sound or struggle, he fell forward lifeless. With a grunt of satisfaction Ortego pulled out his knife, wiped it on the grass, and slipped it under his belt. He bent over the limp form and with much effort picked it up. He carried it to the edge of the spring and with a mighty heave pitched the body in the water. Some one was hurrying up the path, so he vanished into the shadows.

As Dolores pushed through the willows, she saw Felipe's horse, but could not see the master. Her eyes happened to fall on the rippling surface of the spring. What was that moving in it? She rushed to the edge and stared down into the white face of her lover as he was gently pulled by unseen hands to his strange grave.

Wild with despair Dolores screamed and sank to her knees. With arms outstretched she called over and over, "Felipe, Felipe! Do not leave me, vida de mi alma! Come back, come back, mi cielo. Felipe! Felipe, mio!"

Some say that she became half mad, and it is certain that she was among the first to die when small-pox wiped out all of the village save the few who fled. These living retold the tale and awesomely declared that still at night the spirit of Dolores returned to the spring and called, "Come back, come back, mi vida! Felipe, Felipe, mio!"

Hence the name Felipe became permanently connected with the spring. The story lost nothing in the retelling as it passed from lip to lip and the further title "San" meaning "saint" was attached to it, for to the superstitious peons anything mystic and obscure is regarded with awe and called holy. Today the San Felipe springs flow on amid more peaceful surroundings, but this old tale of war and love and sorrow will not be forgotten as long as Felipe's name remains as a reminder.



Sigma Lambda

COLORS: *Purple and Gray*

FLOWER: *Yellow Jasmine*

MOTTO: *Lit With the Sun*

Officers

ERMA ELIZABETH WILLIAMS.....	President
LEORA HIATT.....	Vice President
BETTY ERWIN COMER.....	Secretary
MARGARET FOX.....	Treasurer
MISS AGE.....	Faculty Adviser

Members

ALFRED	GREEN, M. E.	NORLE
AMES	HAIGH	NORTON
BAILEY	HAMILTON	PASTEUR
BARRAM	HARBORT	PATTERSON
BOHANNON	HARDIN, C.	REDDINO
BOWERS, M.	HARDY	RICHARDSON
BRICKEY, W.	HARRIS	ROPER
BRITT	HART	SHEWMAKE
BYRD	HAZ	SHORE
COMER	HIATT	SMITH, E.
CAPERART	HICKS	SMITH, P.
CARLTON	HILL	STEIN
CARROLL	HOOOARD	STRYKER
COLLINS	HOWELL	SUBLETT
CRAYER	HUTCHINSON	TARRY
CURTIS	JORDAN	TATE
DAVENPORT	JUBAN	TAYLOR, V.
DAV.S	LANIER	THOMAS, E.
DOBBIN	LASSITER	THOMASON
DRANE	LAWRENCE, M.	TURNER
DUNCAN	LAWRENCE, V.	VAN SICKLER
EVINS	LEGOETT	VERNER
FAIRFAX	LEWIS	WALTER
FINLAY	LINDSEY	WEBB, E.
FOX	MACMILLAN	WEBB, F.
FREEZE	MACRAE, M.	WINBORNE
GLINES	MCRAE, J. W.	WOOLWORTH
GORHAM	MATHEWES, E.	
	NEVILLE	





The Literary Societies

IN 1900 Miss Imogen Stone organized two literary societies at Saint Mary's. These maintain a spirit of friendly rivalry in frequently arranged contests.

The Epsilon Alpha Pi Society was named in honor of Edgar Allan Poe. The Sigma Lambda Society was named for Sidney Lanier. Since their formation, these groups have met separately every other Tuesday night, alternately in the parlor and the study-hall. They meet, too, on special occasions such as Founders Day.

The contests arranged include the submitting of original poems, essays and short stories to competent judges; a model meeting judged by the originality and execution of its program and business; and an annual debate. Each of these contests contributes points toward a cup given to the society winning the highest total of points. The societies also have the privilege of choosing two marshals each for auditorium exercises and for commencement. They alternate in choosing the Chief Marshal for the following year. This privilege fell to the Sigma Lambda's in 1928.

The final debate taking place this year was the twenty-fifth annual contest as inter-society debates have been held only since 1903.



CLUBS





Dramatic Club

LEORA HIATT.....President

Members

AMES
ANDRUS
AUSTIN
BARHAM
BOESCH
BOGGESE
CAMERON, M.
CROWDER
DUFF
ELLIOT

FAIRFAX
FALKENER
FLOYD
GARRETT
GLINES
HIATT
HOWARD
LANIER
LAWRENCE, M.

LEWIS
MONTGOMERY
NOBLE
NORTON
RAGLAND
RICHARDSON
THOMAS, E.
WATKINS
WEBB, S.
WOOLWORTH





Glee Club

MISS FIELDING.....*Director*
 MISS NICHOLSON.....*Accompanist*

BARHAM
 BOHANNON
 BOESCH
 BRYANT
 CAMERON, M.
 CLEVE
 CROWDER
 DAVIS
 DUNN, M.
 EATON
 ESKRIDGE
 GALLOWAY
 GLINES
 HAMILTON
 HARBORT
 HARRINGTON

HAY
 HAZELL
 HICKS
 HOUTZ
 HOWARD
 HOYT
 HUTCHINSON
 JORDAN
 KELLY
 LAWRENCE, M.
 LINDSEY
 LONON
 MCGWIGAN
 MANGUM
 MATHEWES
 LAWRENCE, V.

MATHIESON
 MITCHELL
 NORTON
 PASTEUR
 PITT
 PLATT
 SHEWMAKE
 SHORE
 STEIN
 TALIAFERRO
 THOMAS, A.
 VAUGHAN
 WILLIAMS
 WILLIS
 WINBORNE
 WOOLWORTH



College Club

JOSEPHINE BATTLE.....	President
LEORA HIATT.....	Vice President
ELIZABETH JOHNSON.....	Secretary
MARGARET HARRIS.....	Treasurer

Members

AMES	GORHAM	MATHEWS, L.
ARTHUR	GREEN	MITCHELL
AUSTIN	HALLYBURTON	MONTGOMERY
BADHAM	HAMILTON	NEVILLE
BAHAM	HARBORT	NEWMAN
BOESCH	HARDING	PARKER
BOWERS, F.	HARRIS	POWELL
BOWERS, M.	HAY	REDDING
BRICKEY	HIATT	RICHARDSON
BROWN, M.	HODGES	SLADE
CARLTON	HOOGARD	SMITH, E.
CLARKE, I.	HOYT	SMITH, P.
CLARK, E.	HUBARD	STEIN
CLEYE	JEFFRESS	STRYKER
CROWDER	JENKINS	TALIAFERRO
CUMMINS	JOHNSON	TATE
DAVENPORT	JORDAN	THOMAS, E.
DRANE, J.	KALE	THOMAS, A.
DUNCAN	KITCHIN	WARREN
DUNN, M.	LANIER	WILSON
DUNN, E. S.	LEGGETT	WILLIAMS, E.
EVINS	LEWIS, M.	WILLIAMS, M.
FAIRLEY	LEWIS, P.	WILLIS
FALKENER	MCRAE	WINBORNE
FLOYD	MANGUM	WITSELL
GARRETT	MATHEWS, E.	UNDERHILL



Sketch Club

ELEANOR GIBSON.....President
 THEODORA CAMERON.....Secretary-Treasurer

Members

CAMERON, T.	HUBARD
CLEVE	SICKLER
FINLAY	STOCKARD
GIBSON	WEATHERSBY
LYNCH	





Granddaughters and Great Granddaughters of Saint Mary's

ELIZABETH WEBB.....President
EMMA STEVENSON DUNN.....Secretary

- | | |
|---|---|
| JESSAMINE AUSTIN, Monroe, N. C.
daughter of
ALLIE WELSH, Monroe, N. C. | THEONORA M. CAMERON, Coronado, Cal.
daughter of
THEODORA MARSHALL, Raleigh, N. C. |
| EMILY WOOD BADHAM, Edenton, N. C.
granddaughter of
SARAH PAXTON, Edenton, N. C. | MARGARET HAYWOOD, Raleigh, N. C. |
| JOSEPHINE BATTLE, Rocky Mount, N. C.
granddaughter of
PATTIE BATTLE, Chapel Hill, N. C. | SUE MARTIN CAPEHART, Avoca, N. C.
granddaughter of
MARY MARTIN CAPEHART, Avoca, N. C. |
| MARY DOROTHEA BRIGHAM, Blacksburg, Va.
daughter of
LUSIE WOOD, Aiken, S. C. | NANNIE ALICE CROWDER, Henderson, N. C.
daughter of
ETHEL SEABROOK DORSEY, Henderson, N. C. |
| MARGARET CAMERON, Coronado, Cal.
daughter of
THEODORA MARSHALL, Raleigh, N. C. | MARY PETTWAY DAVIS, Warrenton, N. C.
great granddaughter of
ELIZABETH PRICE, Raleigh, N. C. |
| MARGARET HAYWOOD, Raleigh, N. C. | JAQUELIN PRINCE DRANE, Charlotte, N. C.
daughter of
FLORENCE THOMAS, Charlotte, N. C. |

EMMA STEVENSON DUNN, New Bern, N. C. daughter of	PATTY BATTLE LEWIS, Oxford, N. C. granddaughter of
EMMA STEVENSON, New Bern, N. C.	LIZZIE MANNING, Chapel Hill, N. C. granddaughter of
VIRGINIA ELLIOT, Chapel Hill, N. C. daughter of	NELLIE BATTLE, Chapel Hill, N. C. great granddaughter of
DORA McRAE, Chapel Hill, N. C.	PATTY BATTLE, Chapel Hill, N. C.
RACHEL O. GLENN, Mexico City granddaughter of	JANE MacMILLAN, Wilmington, N. C. great granddaughter of
MARY BRODNAX, Greensboro, N. C.	JANE IREDELL MEARES, Wilmington, N. C.
PHOEBE RANDOLPH HARDING, Washington, N. C. granddaughter of	JOSEPHINE PATTON PARKER, Asheville, N. C. granddaughter of
ELIZABETH HUGHES, Beaufort County	MARTHA BELLE TURNER, Salisbury, N. C.
FRANCES HAMILTON, Baltimore, Md. granddaughter of	ANNIE ANDREWS THOMAS, Henderson, N. C. granddaughter of
FRANCES GRAY DE ROULHAC, Hillsboro, N. C.	ANNIE SWEPSON ANDREWS, Henderson, N. C.
LILIAN C. HOOK, Augusta, Ga. daughter of	MARY WOOD, Edenton, N. C. daughter of
CAROLINE CLARK, Augusta, Ga.	ELIZABETH BADHAM, Edenton, N. C. granddaughter of
DELLA HASSELL JEFFRESS, Kinston, N. C. granddaughter of	SARA PAXTON, Edenton, N. C.
IDA LANIER, Williamston, N. C.	SOPHRONIA WINSTON WEBB, Durham, N. C. daughter of
MARY LAWRENCE, Lumberton, N. C. daughter of	GERTRUDE WINSTON, Durham, N. C. granddaughter of
EMMA NORWOOD, Waynesville, N. C.	SOPHRONIA HORNER, Durham, N. C. granddaughter of
VIRGINIA LAWRENCE, Lumberton, N. C. daughter of	ALICE HILL, Hillsboro, N. C.
EMMA NORWOOD, Waynesville, N. C.	PATTIE SHERWOOD SMITH, Summerville, N. J. daughter of
BETSY LEE, Fremont, N. C. granddaughter of	EMILY HIGGS, Raleigh, N. C. granddaughter of
JANE CUTTAR, San Francisco, Cal.	LOUISE C. HILL, Scotland Neck, N. C.



The St. Mary's of the Sixties

*A Letter Written by the Great-Aunt of
a Student here now*

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, RALEIGH,
Saturday, January 25th, 1865

DEAR AUNT MARGARET

Supposing you would like to know something about my school, I will write and tell you. I expect you have seen Tommie before this. I am delighted with Dr. Smedes, and think it is an excellent school, but I am dreadfully homesick. To-day is the first day I have passed since I left home that was at all happy. Yesterday I was more unhappy than, I think, I ever was before in my life. I thought I never would be happy again. I will tell you how we pass our time. We get up at half past six and have prayers at 7½, then breakfast and then we walk an hour, after that we study an hour then have chapel service, then we recite our Bible lesson and a part of Cowpers Task, and after that I recite Everdeens of Christianity and Mental Philosophy then paint an hour and study an hour and then comes dinner; after which I recite French an hour then Algebra then we walk sometime then practice till supper; after that we study an hour; and have prayers and go to bed at nine o'clock. To-day we had chapel service before breakfast and we have all of the rest of the day to ourselves except from ten till twelve when we are obliged to sew.

Saturday night—All the girls are dancing in the parlor. The parlor is very large. I think it has a thousand square feet, there is no carpet on the floor and the girls stay in there whenever they want to and dance. The study room is the same size, on the other side of the hall; where we have desks and study and write. The parlor walls are covered with fine paintings.

I like the dormitory arrangements very much. There is a partition about 8 feet high on each side of the room, and each side is divided by the same kind of partition into five little rooms with a door and a curtain before the door, they are called alcoves and two girls dress in each, there is two closets, two basins and pitchers and two of everything in each. The beds are outside and every girl has a single one they are the hardest things I ever laid on.

We have very good eating, have turkey Sunday and cake for supper. You must be sure to come with Mother and Aunt Charlotte when they come for me in June. I dont know how I will live seventeen weeks more as I have this last one, but I expect we will not be so homesick after we get used to everything. A teacher stays in each dormitory and the one in ours is as cross as she can be and a great deal more strict than any of the others. She does not let us speak one word after we go in at night until we come out in the morning. Lillie and I have the same alcove. I feel towards Dr. Smedes as if I had known him all my life. All the girls love him; we all go to him for everything and he makes it easy and pleasant; he always has some kind pleasant word to say to you when he meets you.

Sunday morning—Miss Maggie and Miss Mary Shepard came and paid me a long visit yesterday afternoon. We are not allowed to go out except on the second Saturday in every month. We have a beautiful little chapel on the lot and all the girls go without bonnets; it looked very strange to me last Sunday. There is an organ in the Chapel and the music is very sweet. I have written four letters home and have only got one yet. I think they might write to me twice a week. We have a very large beautiful grove with gravel walks to walk about on. Last week the weather was dreadful; I suppose that helped to make me miserable; but the sun came out bright yesterday and although it is cold it is very pleasant.

I expect you were very much surprised when you heard such a thing as my coming here was thought of. I dont know what made me think I wanted to come; for nothing in the world will ever get me back here after June. It is the pleasantest school I ever knew of but still nothing like home. Please write to me sometimes. I thought Aunt Lizzie would disapprove of my coming but Mother wrote me word she did not. I feel so happy every night to think one more day is gone. I have to write to Tommie to-day so I will have to stop.

Give my love to Uncle Thomas, Aunt Lizzie, Charlie and the children and believe me

Your affectionate niece

FANNIE

Direct your letters to St. Mary's School Raleigh



ATHLETICS



Sigmas 1927-1928

COLORS: *Red and White*

ELIZABETH THORNBERRY	President
CAROLINE E. TUCKER	Vice President
ELEANOR GIBSON	Secretary-Treasurer
ELEN AGEE	Manager of Basketball
ELIZABETH PLATT	Manager of Volleyball
HARRIET GARRETT	Manager of Track
POLLY HOWARD	Manager of Swimming
CAROLINE TUCKER	Manager of Tennis
CAROLINE TUCKER	Cheer Leader
MARGARET CAMERON	Cheer Leader

Faculty Members

MISS ALEXANDER
MISS HOLT
MISS DAVIS

MISS BOHANNON
MRS. MARRIOTT
MISS SHAFOTT
MISS NICHOLSON

MISS REUF
MACAME SIMBOLOTTI
MISS FIELDING

Roll

AOEE, E.	GREEN, M.	NEWMAN, F.
ANDERSON, M.	HAIGH, F.	NORTON, V.
BAILEY, J.	HARRIOT, J.	O'FARRELL, R.
BLACKBURN, M.	HARDIN, C. E.	PAREE, J.
BOESCH, B.	HARDIN, M.	PITT, M.
BOGESS, T.	HARDIN, D.	PLATT, E.
BOWERS, F.	HARDINO, P.	POWELL, M.
BOWERS, M.	HAROT, H.	RANEY, K.
BRICKET, W.	HARRIS, M.	REDDING, S.
BRIGGS, M.	HAY, H.	RICHARDSON, S.
BROHAM, M.	HAZEL, N.	RITTEB, L.
BRITT, E.	HIATT, L.	ROGERS, E. V.
BROUGHTON, M.	HILL, C.	ROGERS, M. E.
BROWN, M. F.	HOOGES, C.	ROPER, N.
BURCKMYER, V.	HOOK, L.	SANDLIN, I.
BYRO, L.	HOWARD, J.	SHEWMAKE, L.
CAMERON, M.	HOWELL, C.	SHORE, F.
CAMERON, T.	HOYT, B.	STILWELL, M.
CAPEHART, S.	IRBY, K.	STORR, M.
CARROLL, E.	JENKINS, M.	SUBLETT, N.
CLARKE, J. E.	KALE, H.	TARRY, F.
COFFEY, M.	KITCHIN, K.	THOMAS, A. A.
CROWDER, N.	LAFFITER, E.	THOMAS, E. E.
CURRY, S.	LAWRENCE, M.	THORNBERRY, E.
CURTIS, C.	LAWRENCE, V.	TUCKER, C. E.
DICKERSON, E.	LEE, B.	TUCKER, S.
DUNCAN, C.	LOMON, L.	TUCKER, C.
EVINS, S.	LUTHER, M. A.	UNDERHILL, R.
FAIRLEY, A.	LYNAH, M.	UNDERWOOD, A. L.
FARMER, L.	LYNCH, M.	UNDERWOOD, E. M.
FARNUM, F.	MACRAE, M.	VAN SICKLER, D.
FOSTER, H.	MACARA, M.	VERNER, P.
FOX, M.	MANCUM, A.	WEATHERSBY, H.
GAILLARD, J.	MATHEWS, E.	WIGGS, L.
GARRETT, H.	MATHEWS, L.	WILLIAMS, E. E.
GIBSON, E.	MAUNDE, M.	WILSON, C.
GILKEY, C. J.	MEEKINS, A.	WITHERS, M.
GLENN, R.	MONTGOMERY, M.	WITSELL, C.
CLINES, V.	MCCILL, A.	WOOD, M.
GLOVER, S.	NEVILLE, M.	WOOLWORTH, E.



I think - him not a bit original - as girls
 were to stand no in the singing - any way
 I think he's of good - and hope good
 won't forget me
 Love
 Love

Mus 1927-1928

COLORS: *Blue and White*

VIRGINIA TAYLOR	<i>President</i>
ELIZABETH HOGGARD	<i>Vice President</i>
MABEL TATE	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
FRANCES HAMILTON	<i>Manager of Swimming</i>
MABEL TATE	<i>Manager of Track</i>
BETTY COMER	<i>Manager of Basketball</i>
JACQUELINE DRANE	<i>Manager of Volleyball</i>
KATHERINE DUFF	<i>Cheer Leader</i>
MARGUERITE WILLIAMS	<i>Cheer Leader</i>
LUCILE SLADE	<i>Cheer Leader</i>

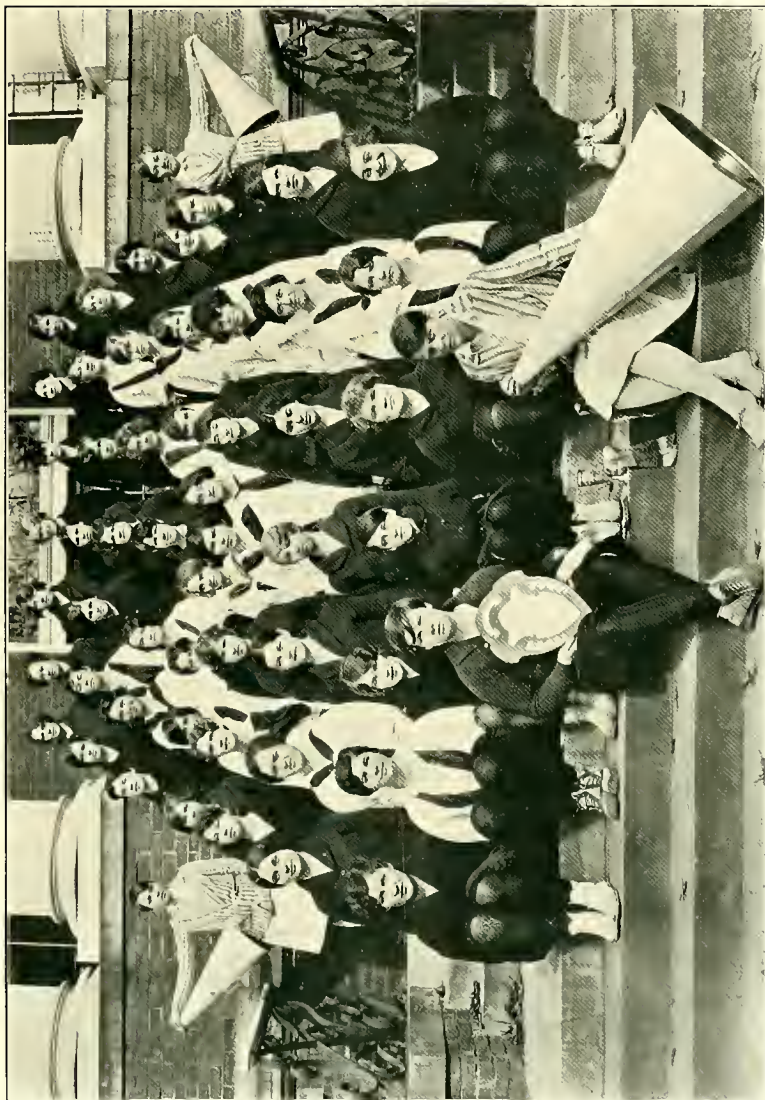
Faculty Members

MISS COOKE	MISS SUTTON	MISS ROBERTS
MISS LEE	MR. JONES	MISS AGEE
MISS MCKIMMON	DR. BACOT	MISS HOHN

Roll

ALFRED, M.	FINLAY, E.	PARKS, J.
AMES, A.	FLOYD, L.	PASTEUR, D.
ANDRUS, H.	FREEMAN, B.	PATTERSON, R.
AUTHUR, J.	FREEZE, C.	PIPPEN, M. P.
AUSTIN, J.	GORHAM, M.	RUNNION, M.
BADHAM, E.	HALLYBURTON, E.	SLADE, L.
BARHAM, S.	HAMILTON, F.	SMITH, E.
BATTLE, J.	HARRINGTON, M.	SMITH, P.
BEACHAM, E.	HART, V.	STEELE, N.
BEACHAM, F.	HICKS, J. B.	STEIN, H.
BOHANNON, A.	HOGGARD, E.	STOCKARD, M.
BROWN, M.	HOUTZ, J.	STRYKER, D.
BRYANT, E.	HUBARD, E.	SUNNER, E.
CARLTON, S.	HUTCHINSON, E.	TALIAFERRO, M.
CLARKE, E.	JEFFRESS, D.	TATE, M.
CLEVE, F.	JOHNSON, E.	TAYLOR, V.
COLLINS, E.	JORDAN, F.	THOMASON, D.
COMER, B.	JUHAN, F.	TUCKER, A.
COOPER, E.	KELLY, H.	TUCKER, C.
CRAYER, L.	LANIER, M.	TURNER, V.
CUMMINS, E.	LEGGETT, M.	VAUGHAN, R.
DAVENPORT, L.	LEWIS, E.	WALTER, B.
DAVIS, D.	LEWIS, M.	WARREN, B.
DAVIS, M.	LANDRE, M. L.	WEBB, E.
DOBBS, E.	LYON, V.	WEBB, F.
DRANE, J.	MCMILLAN, J.	WEBB, S.
DUFF, C.	MCGWIGAN, R.	WILLIAMS, M.
DUNN, E.	MCKINNE, O.	WILLIS, V.
EATON, R.	MURRAE, J. W.	WILSON, D.
ELLIOT, V.	MATHESON, M.	WINSBORNE, A. P.
ESKRIDGE, E.	MITCHELL, E. D.	WATKINS, J.
FAIRFAX, S.	NOBLE, S.	MANNING, M.
FALKNER, S.		DUFFY, C.







Letter Club

ELIZABETH HOGGARD.....President
 ELIZABETH THORNBERRY.....Vice President
 MABEL TATE.....Secretary-Treasurer

Members

BOHANNON	NORTON
COMER	PLATT
DRANE	RITTER
HAMILTON	TATE
HOGGARD	THORNBERRY
HOYT	TUCKER, C. E.
MONTGOMERY	WILLIAMS, E.
WILLIAMS, M.	





Sigma Basketball

First Team

STILWELL
RITTER

BRIGHAM
NORTON

CROWDER
TUCKER, C.



Mu Basketball

First Team

TUCKER, A., Capt.
HOGGARD

FINLAY
SLADE

BROWN, M.
HAMILTON



Track Teams

SIGMAS

AGEE
BRIGHAM
BRICKEY
GARRETT

KALE

LEE
LONON
LUTHER
MONTGOMERY

MUS

AMES
CUMMINS
DRANE
FAIRFAX
HAMILTON

SLADE
TAYLOR, V.
TUCKER, A.
WILLIAMS, M.
WILSON, D.
HOGGARD





SWIMMING



TENNIS



MU AND SIGMA OFFICERS



The HIGH JUMP



MONTGOMERY-SIGMA



HOGGARD-MU



The 50-YD. DASH



The MEET IN MOTION



HAMILTON-MU



BRIGHAM-SIGMA



The JAVELIN THROW

TRACK STARS

ODDS & THE END





STATISTICS

1928 Statistics

Most Representative	}	-----MISS ELIZABETH PLATT
Most Influential		
Most Versatile		
Most Attractive	-----	MISS MARGARET CAMERON
Most Popular	-----	MISS VIRGINIA TAYLOR
Most Original	-----	MISS ELIZABETH JOHNSON
Most Graceful	-----	MISS MARGARET MONTGOMERY
Most Athletic	-----	MISS ELIZABETH HOGGARD





MOST REPRESENTATIVE
MOST INFLUENTIAL
MOST VERSATILE



Nannie Dudgeon -
 Boxes within 30 days
 write to express
 what I think of you
 You're a peach and
 don't know what
 you would have done
 without you, I
 forget we're Mrs. no
 Mrs. - Patricia
 Messers of
 Cam -

MOST ATTRACTIVE



MOST POPULAR



MOST ORIGINAL



MOST GRACEFUL



MOST ATHLETIC



MAY QUEEN



MAIDS OF HONOR



ELIZ. HOGGARD
"VERSATILE"



TEXIE BOGGESS
"REPRESENTATIVE"



POLLY HOWARD
"ATTRACTIVE"



ELIZABETH PLATT
"POPULAR"



MARTHA LANIER
"GRACEFUL"



FRANCIS HAMILTON
"ATHLETIC"



PHOEBE HARDING
"ORIGINAL-INFLUENTIAL"

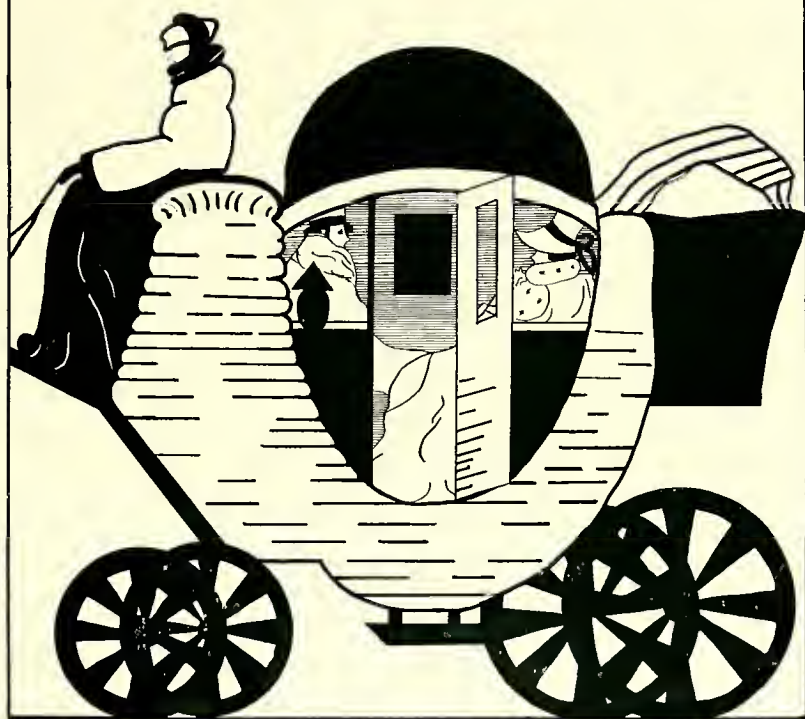
SECONDS IN STATISTICS

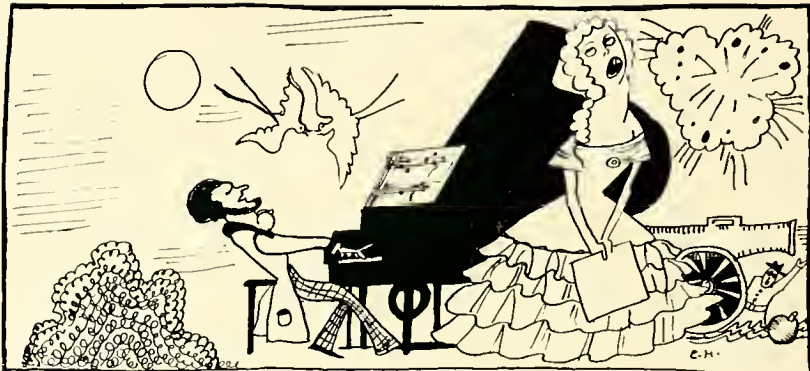
On Statistics

SCHOOL statistics are quite apt
To make girls quite vain
And make them get so very wrapt
Up in themselves a "pain"
Is synonymous with each
Of them who is elected
To grace the pages of this book
And amongst those selected
Appear as representative
Of some desired charm.
So we repeat such things as this
Are often bad—more harm
Than good resulting from
This sudden rise to fame.
But let us just suggest (to some)
That no decided claim
To charm or anything be made
Unless each girl retains in one
All the virtues here displayed;
Accomplishes what these girls have done.



THRU THE WINDOW





We look in former annuals
And 'tis so sad to see
The witty things those S's said
They weren't a bit like me.

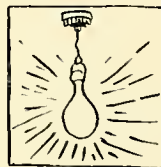
They were bright and they were clever
And it hurts us so to look
We bet they now are editors
Of the very best joke book.

Our E.-in-chief, she bawls at us,
"Where is your Sr. wit,
You know you say some clever things
You dumbbells! Out with it!!"

Yes, we know we *must* say funny things
Of *course* we do, ahem,—
What made us laugh in class so hard?
It must have been a gem.

Bay's a jolly joker
Tine, an entertaining gink
But when we come to write their cracks
My gracious! I can't think!

If you've seen our jokes before
Don't start a wicked rumor
It's all between us girls, my dears,
And the leaves of College Humor.





FOUNDERS DAY



HALLOWEEN



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MEHITABLE



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SUNDAY WALKS



THANKSGIVING

FALL ACTIVITIES



S.P.Q.R.



OFFICERS



LATIN CLUB PICTURES



Book List

The Green Hat.....	MISS DAVIS
The Little Minister.....	BISHOP PENICK
The Story of My Life.....	MRS. FRIPP
The Virginian.....	MISS TERRILL
The Trysting Place.....	THE LITTLE STORE
The Lil'est Lover.....	BILL (SEE JULIA BRENT)
We.....	MISS BOHANNON AND POLLY
The Man Without a Country.....	DR. BACOT
Barren Ground.....	BIBLE CLASS
Saint and Sinner.....	ROGER AND EVELYN
Foolish Fiction.....	STUDY-HALL REGULATIONS
Origin of the Species.....	CHAPEL CAPS
Paradise Lost.....	EXTRA DAY AT SPRING HOLIDAYS
The Sky Pilot.....	BABE TAYLOR
The Perennial Bachelor.....	MR. JONES

DR. BACOT: What would you do in Raleigh today if all the gasoline and rubber supply were taken away?

E. JOHNSON: Get on the street car.

MISS RUEF: What is the opposite of "before-going"?

BAY DUNN (as usual): "Before coming."

MEG WILLIAMS (In Chemistry exam.): To make sulphuric acid you have to burn pirates (Pyrites) and use the dust from them.

Economics exam. An artist is an example of monopoly because he is a soul producer.

MISS RUEF (Mid year review): These notes are a half of the term work you have finished.

S. F.: What's the other half?

DR. HUNTER: The conquest of China has taken place during my lifetime.

H. ANDRUS: Yes, sir—during the last century.



COLONIAL BALL



MAY DAY 1927

KING'S SERVANT: Sir, there is a lady without.

KING: Without what?

K. S.: Without food and clothing.

KING: Oh! then feed her and bring her in.

MISS COOK: What do you think of Keats's technique?

SALLY REDDING: Oh! it does right well, but I like Doc's better.

I

Out by the wooden summer house,
The fearless watchman stands,
His business is to guard the school
And place strong iron bands

II

Across the driveway when the cars
Come up to school with boys,
When on each Sunday afternoon
The powers decree no noise.

III

He eyes each passing errant male
Who looks in at our school,
For looking at Saint Mary's girls
Breaks grave tradition's rule.

IV

He grins when all the boys wave hard;
But when some pining lass
Begs for them to come in the grounds,
He says—"THEY SHALL NOT PASS!"



Calendar of Events

SEPTEMBER

Monday	12. New Faculty assemble.
Tuesday	13. New Students register.
Wednesday	14. Old Students register.
Thursday	15. Advent Term opens.
Saturday	17. New-Girl—Old-Girl party.
Thursday	22. Dr. Mims lecture 5:30.
Saturday	24. Literary Societies' reception.

OCTOBER

Monday	3. Mojica concert.
Saturday	8. Bloomer party.
Wednesday	12. Faculty and Rector at home.
Saturday	15. Class parties.
Wednesday	19. Mr. Duncan at Assembly.
Wednesday	26. Mr. Capps at Assembly. Reception to Faculty.
Thursday	27. College Club tea 5:00.
Friday	28. Expression recital 5:00.
Monday	31. Halloween party.

NOVEMBER

Tuesday	1. All Saints, Founders' Day.
Wednesday	2. Mr. Tucker speaks at Assembly.
Thursday	3. Miss Slater's lecture 8:15 p.m.
Friday	4. Students recital.
Friday	11. Rev. James B. Turner Armistice Day speaker.
Monday	14. Track Meet.
Wednesday	16. Mr. Tucker at Assembly.
Monday	21. Mr. Jones Recital (Christ Church).
Wednesday	23. Mrs. Covington speaks at Auditorium.
Thursday	24. Thanksgiving Day.
Tuesday	29. Reception to Juniors.

DECEMBER

Thursday	1. Domestic Science tea to Faculty.
Saturday	3. Volleyball (1 and 2).
Monday	5. Volleyball (1 and 2).
Tuesday	6. Civic Music Association.
Wednesday	7. Mme. Simbolotti at Assembly. Marion Talley.
Thursday	8. Model Meeting of Literary Societies.
Saturday	10. Carolina Glee Club.
Wednesday	14. Private expression plays.
Thursday	15. Dr. Floyd H. Black 7:15 p.m.
Friday	16. Students' recital.
Saturday	17. Christmas party.
Monday	19. Glee Club concert.
Wednesday	21. Christmas Recess begins.

JANUARY

Thursday	5. Students report.
Friday	13. Prof. Bernard 8:15 p.m.
Thursday	19. Reception to Sophomores.
Tuesday	24. Mid year Exams. begin.
Thursday	26. Miss Ruef's tea to Juniors.
Tuesday	31. Easter Term begins.

FEBRUARY

Friday	3. Gladys Swarthout. Civic Music Association.
Saturday	4. Basketball (First team). Latin Club.
Monday	6. Dean Hibbard (night).
Saturday	11. Basketball (First and second).
Thursday	16. Mr. Jones' Lecture. Reception to Fresh and Preps.
Friday	17. King's Henchman.
Tuesday	21. Colonial Ball.
Wednesday	22. Ash Wednesday.
Saturday	25. Basketball (Second team).

MARCH

Saturday	3. Basketball (second team).
Saturday	10. Basketball (third team).
Thursday	15. Spring Recess begins.
Tuesday	20. Students report. Civic Concert.
Saturday	31. Basketball (third team).

APRIL

Monday	2. Basketball (third team).
Friday	6. Good Friday.
Sunday	8. Easter Day.
Saturday	14. Senior vaudeville.
Saturday	21. Literary Societies' debate.
Monday	30. Swimming meet.

MAY

Monday	7. May Day.
Saturday	12. Alumnae Day.
Monday	14. Glee Club concert.
Sunday	27. Commencement begins.
Tuesday	29. School closes.



Acknowledgment

Besides the Annual Staff which has worked faithfully and loyally in putting out this book, there is an unofficial staff which has worked no less earnestly for its production. Of these, Mr. Way has given needed sanctions; Miss Albertson special permissions for staff work; Mr. Tucker, invaluable business advice. Miss Sutton has given liberal advice and help. Without Mrs. Marriott the Little Store could not have existed. Miss Houchen arranged the large pictures. Miss Holt especially has aided materially by her helpful criticism of the copy taken to her at all hours.

For student service, the staff is indebted to Miss Eleanor Gibson for the old English printing used on the four large Division Pages; to Miss Theodora Cameron for the reproduction of the Medallion on the outside cover; to Miss Suzanne Tucker for two subtitle pages; all of whom worked under the art supervision of Miss Hohn; and to Miss Virginia Lawrence, the Editor's roommate, for sympathetic encouragement in Annual work.

Outside the school the Edwards-Cain drug store and Boon-Iseley's drug store have rendered swift and efficient snapshot service. We can not emphasize too much our gratitude to Mr. Horton and his associates of Horton's Studio for their help and coöperation in all the photography; and to Mr. Beck of Edwards & Broughton, the engravers, for his guidance and assistance throughout the entire book. Finally, the subscription of the advertisers was the basis of the business support.

Thus, to the faculty, certain students, Raleigh business organizations and to the school at large who have helped in building the 1928 Stage Coach, the Staff is grateful.



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HISTORY M!

Mediaeval landlord: "Bye dear,
I'm going out now to do a little
serf riding."

Mr. Way (Bible N): What
makes the world go round?

Norton (just waking up): Love,
nothing but love.

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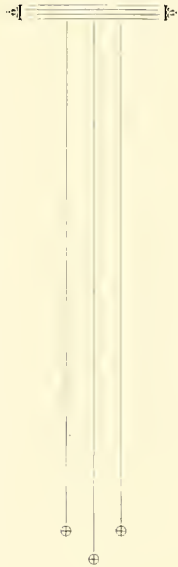
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ve gave de bookkeeper a holiday—
'is books is all right.

"See that little man over there?
He's an etiquette teacher in a deaf-
and-dumb school."

"What are his duties?"

"He teaches the pupils not to
talk with their hands full."

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Miss Terrill: Virginia Elliott, what does the word "furlough" mean?

Virginia: "Furlough" means "a mule."

Miss Terrill: "A mule," why Virginia, what do you mean?

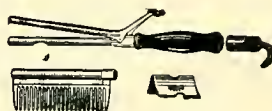
Virginia: Why Miss Terrill, I know that a "furlough" does mean "a mule" 'cause yesterday I saw a picture of a soldier riding a mule and under the picture was, "Going Home on his Furlough."

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Miss Holt: Just think, young ladies, what would have happened if Shakespeare had forgotten to write Hamlet; if Milton had forgotten to compose Paradise Lost; if Defoe had not written Robinson Crusoe—

Polly Harris: Yes, just think. What a chance that would be for me!

≡≡≡

==

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Mr. Way: Would you care to join in the new missionary movement?

C. Hardin: I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the Charleston?

New Minister: Quite a lot of people had coughs during my sermon this morning.

Old Deacon: Coughs? They ain't coughs, sir. Them's time signals.

==

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Molly B.: Did you give that goldfish any fresh water?

Marianne: No, he hadn't finished the water I gave him yesterday.

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